The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1913.

The Week

The comments thus far made by members of Congress and others on Mr. Wilson's recommendation concerning the method of nominating candidates for the Presidency, relate chiefly to Congressional legislation on the matter. But apart from the question of the agency there is another point involved in the President's statement which is well worthy of immediate attention. The party convention, he suggests, should be retained, though constituted upon a different plan; but it should be held "only for the purpose of accepting the verdict of the primaries and formulating the platforms of the parties." Now, this goes far beyond the "preference" idea which most people have in mind when speaking of Presidential primaries; for it precludes the possibility of the convention deciding even between the two candidates, say, receiving the highest number of "preference" votes in the event of nobody having a clear majority. One of the most important questions, therefore, that would have to be considered is that of so dealing with the question of a scattering vote as to guard against possibilities of the most serious mischief.

President Wilson's explanation to the suffragists of the sharp line which he draws between his private opinions and those which he feels at liberty to urge upon Congress would have delighted the heart of Monsieur Distinguo. It inevitably recalls the schoolboy who, when asked to define the art of logic, said that logic was not an art but a dodge. We say this quite irrespective of the particular demand made upon the President. He would doubtless have made a like statement to a labor delegation asking what he did not wish to grant; and, in either case, it does not square with what we believe to be the sound conception of the Presidency as an office in which initiative and leadership are essential. For that matter, it does not square with President Wilson's own practice. No Executive has been more insistent or more successful than he in impressing his personal views upon Congress; and we take it that he would not make a quibbling distinction between doing this in a public message and in earnest interviews with members.

The report of the committee of lawyers on the powers of the Republican National Committee is precisely such as common-sense would lead any one to expect. The National Committee, it is declared, has not the power to change the basis of representation, but it has the power to direct that elections of delegates in any State shall be conducted in conformity with the laws of that State, even if these be at variance with the rules established by the party. It has also the power to call a special national convention, giving due notice thereof. At the Chicago Convention of 1912, the snarl over the conflict between California law and Republican Convention rules furnished a great deal of capital to the Rooseveltians, the like of which can be made impossible hereafter by proper action of the National Committee; but the main difficulty lay in the flagrant Southern-delegate scandal which the Colonel exploited vociferously. The special convention will undoubtedly take radical action in regard to the basis of representation, which will reduce this element of difficulty to a minimum for the future. But it will doubtless do much more than that in the way of a harmony. Recent striking manifestations of progressive weakness in the Progressive party are calculated to add greatly to the interest with which the gathering of the Republican clans will be watched by the country.

In the Secretary of the Treasury's annual report to Congress, particular interest will be attached to the estimates of future public revenue. The ordinary Government receipts, for the fiscal year ending with last June, were $724,111,000; of that amount, $318,891,000 was contributed by customs duties and $344,416,000 by the internal revenue, including excise taxes and the corporation tax. Since the new tariff act and the income tax law went into effect in the first week of October, nearly nine months of the pending fiscal year will draw their revenues under the new and experimental provisions. For the full twelve months ending with next June, Secretary McAdoo estimates a customs revenue of $270,000,000, or $74,400,000 less than was received under the higher duties of the preceding fiscal year. But the internal revenue he estimates as $407,000,000, or $62,500,000 more than in the fiscal year 1913; this being wholly due to the new income tax, which he thinks will yield $33,000,000 from corporations and $54,000,000 from individuals, offset by an $8,000,000 compensatory reduction in the corporation excise tax, which, since the new law was passed, has been superseded by the income tax. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, when the new law will be in force throughout the year, he expects an income tax yield of $105,000,000, of which $40,000,000 should come from corporations and $65,000,000 from individuals, while customs revenue will be $69,000,000 less than in the twelvemonth ending last June.

Our own expectation is that the income tax will be more productive than the Secretary thinks; though the factors of uncertainty in such a calculation are numerous. As for the customs revenue, that also has elements which confuse the calculation. Last month, for instance, so far as the figures are at hand, produced a customs revenue only four to five million dollars less than November of either 1912 or 1911, which would hardly indicate as great a reduction, for the whole pending fiscal year, as the Secretary thinks. In his more general comment on the Treasury finances of the year, Mr. McAdoo naturally makes special point of the placing of Government surplus funds with interior banks, against pledge of commercial paper, to avert an autumn stringency. Of the $50,000,000 thus offered by the Treasury, the national banks, up to November 25, had taken only $34,661,000. The Secretary, no doubt correctly, lays as much stress on the psychological effect of the Government's attitude as on the tangible results of the deposits. Observant financiers were aware, when the Treasury made its offer in midsummer, that the danger to the money market arose much more from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apprehension of imaginary evils than from actual shortage of funds to move the crops. That the Treasury's earlier offer to provide emergency currency under the Aldrich-Vreeland act, up to $500,000,000, should have elicited no requests at all from the banking community, is an incident from which various conclusions may be drawn.

Some people are smiling at Secretary McAdoo for his discovery that the Treasury can be made a great engine of altruism, but they ought to note, too, that he is making it the home of the sterner virtues. He has given out a letter offering him a bribe for an appointment to office, together with his severe and crushing reply. The man had proposed to pay the Secretary one-third of his first year's salary. To the honor of the Administration, be it recorded that Mr. McAdoo was not tempted for an instant. He scorned the "$100 just as soon as appointed," and then improved the occasion to read a great moral lesson to the writer of the letter, and, incidentally, to the whole country. He roundly declared that the offer to bribe the Secretary of the Treasury "shows your unfitness for public office"; and added: "You do not seem to realize that the era of graft and corruption in American politics is past." Some other things appear also to have passed: among them, one might infer, a sense of proportion and of humor in the Treasury Department. Every Secretary for years must have had idiotic or scoundrelly letters in his daily mail, which his clerks should have been discharged if they had not wit enough to throw away, but it remained for Mr. McAdoo to seize upon one peculiarly imbecile in order to demonstrate the Roman virtue of this Administration.

In spite of all the efforts of those who sought to preserve for the nation the beautiful valley in the Yosemite National Park which goes by the ill-sounding name of Hetch-Hetchy, the Senate on Saturday passed the bill which sacrifices it to the desire of San Franciscans for a cheaper water supply than, as they believe, they could otherwise obtain. But the proceedings in the Senate, and the final vote, showed how much force there was in the arguments and facts adduced against the scheme. Three months ago, the bill was passed in the House almost unanimously; the vote in the Senate on Saturday stood only 43 to 20. When the bill was first brought up in the Senate, an attempt was made to rush it through, and the opposition, at that time represented only by two or three Senators, satisfied itself with a postponement of the vote to a fixed day. Under this condition, the gain of strength for the defenders of the park did not suffice to defeat the bill; but the objections to it, not only on the score of the invasion of the Yosemite, but also because of its effect on the farming lands whose irrigation supply will be cut off, were brought out very strikingly. Senator Works, of California, fought the scheme vigorously; and a letter was read from one of the California Representatives who voted for the bill in the House, but who has discovered that he had been misled as to the facts and is now against it. The bill now goes to the President, with whom rests ultimate responsibility for the decision of its fate. And the paramount consideration in regard to that decision is furnished by the fact that the sacrifice of a national possession of this nature is unjustifiable except upon the clearest possible proof of its necessity.

What is the per capita cost of city government, and how does it rise or fall with an increase in the city's size? Material bearing on these questions was lately collected by a State Commission in Minnesota, and is analyzed by Prof. Edward V. D. Robinson in the *Economic Review*. The answer to the second query is stated briefly: "In Minnesota the cost of municipal government increases much less rapidly than wealth. In other words, while average cost per capita varies directly, average cost by true valuation varies inversely, with the population." For example, to govern every $10,000 true valuation costs $112.68 in Duluth; in St. Paul but $110.16; and in Minneapolis only $107.49. Lumping these cities in Class 1, towns between 20,000 and 5,000 in Class 2, and those below 5,000 in Class 3, it was found, again, that, while the per capita cost in Class 1 was $16.65, in Class 2 $12.01, and in Class 3 $11.42, the cost per valuation was, in Class 1, $107.20, in Class 2 $127.10, and in Class 3 $133.83. Thus every increase of 10 per cent. in the population of the average city increases the cost of government by about two cents for each citizen; but at the same time it increases the valuation per head about three cents, so that the net result is a gain.

Professor Robinson has less definite reasons for believing that the same facts hold good throughout the country. The net result of the Minnesota figures is simply to suggest that in a typical State there rests with the great city an economic advantage in government which would tend to make the city greater still. Certainly, they give no support to the theory that "increasing cost of city government will set a limit to the continued and ever-increasing congestion of population in urban centres," as compared with habitation in villages and small centres.

The death of Col. Gaillard, the conqueror of Culebra Cut, comes pathetically close upon the completion of the historic task. In a very real sense he gave his life to his work. Unremitting toil broke his health, and one likes to imagine that it was only a brave spirit which held him on the Isthmus till the work in hand was done. That task was carried on in the manner of the true workman, outside of the glare of publicity and with thought only for the matter in hand. Had Col. Gaillard lived a few months, the nation would have undoubtedly expressed its recognition of his services. His promotion to brigadier-general is contained in a bill which is now pending in Congress and which has been delayed in the stress of business. Public recognition, in addition to such posthumous honors as Congress may decide upon, should now take the form of generous provision for those whom Col. Gaillard has left behind him.

The merciless manner in which Villa and his fellow-commanders in the north of Mexico signalize their victories has justly stirred public horror and indignation. But those who would fashion out of the "bandit" Villa an argument against the justice of the cause he represents, fail to make out their case. The ferocity of Mexican warfare might be compared with the greater ferocities of Balkan warfare among Christian nations and allies. But assuming that Villa is an outlaw, who for twenty years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been a menace to public security, what becomes of the argument that the salvation of Mexico rests only in the strong hand of a Dictator? If the iron rule of Porfirio Diaz could not rid Mexico of brigandage, is it not apparent that permanent peace in Mexico must come in some other way than through the suppression of popular freedom? Brigandage on a large scale cannot flourish anywhere without the secret support of a discontented population. It was Spanish misrule in lower Italy and Sicily that drove the people to support the marauders and secret societies of which they were so frequently the victims. Brigands though they may be, Villa and Zapata are the products of a political system in which the masses are made to feel that the "law" as administered from above is intended not for their benefit but for their subjection.

Announcement that Lord Cromer, Lord Curzon, and Mr. Bryce have under way a movement for an American branch of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Society should arouse interest here. The abuses that persist in the darker corners of the world will yield only to this kind of international action. In Africa, in South America, and in Asia it has been found that the attack upon such evils must be through the awakening of indifferent Governments, and exposure of the methods of development companies. The sensitiveness of diplomatic relations and the interlinking of business interests make it important that civilized society join hands in such measures. If the American branch, which is proposed, could be headed by men like ex-Senator Crane and Booker T. Washington, and could throw a public light on the "shocking labor conditions" which investigators allege to exist in Mexico, Bolivia, and Peru, reforms of real world-value might follow.

Representatives of the three chief parties concerned in Home Rule are on record as desiring an amicable conference. Mr. Asquith's words were: "I invite an interchange of views and suggestions, free, frank, and without prejudice." Replying to this invitation, Mr. Bonar Law said that "if the Government have any proposals to make, we will consider them carefully, honestly, and with sole regard, not to the interests of a party, but to the welfare of the nation." And the leader of the Irish, John Redmond, with both the previous statements before him, declared that he did not "shut any door upon a possible settlement by consent." Now comes Asquith's speech at Manchester accepting the basis of agreement suggested by Sir Edward Carson. This makes it highly probable that some way of adjusting the Ulster difficulty without fighting will be found. One reason for believing this is the fact that, as the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Birrell, insisted the other day, the Irish question has now reached such a pass that, even if the Conservatives were to come into power next year, one of the first things they would have to do would be to pass a bill giving Ireland self-government.

It is not only in the Senate at Washington that the plague of eloquence devastates. Every year in the House of Commons an heroic member moves that "the length of speeches has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Now the evil is felt in France, where a Deputy has introduced a bill for the repression of eloquence in the Chamber. He would not go so far as one of his colleagues, who proposes to compel orators to stand upon a trap-door in the tribune, which should be sprung the instant they passed the allotted limit of time. The bill in question would restrict the number of speakers who could be heard on any measure, and would absolutely forbid any one of them to go beyond twenty minutes. This bold Deputy, M. Beauquier, maintains that, unless a man has absolutely nothing to say, he can say it in twenty minutes; of course, if he has neither ideas nor facts, it will take him longer. There is both reason and human experience behind this opinion.

In studying the make-up of the new French Cabinet, it is interesting to recall the nature of the discussion attending the election of M. Poincaré to the Presidency of the Republic last January. The advent of M. Poincaré was hailed in a great many quarters, where the wish was father to the thought, as marking the end of Radical ascendency in national affairs, the end of factionalism, and the establishment of a policy of comprehensive patriotism embracing all parties. M. Poincaré was the "strong man" who might even raise the Presidency to a position of real influence, and to that extent reduce the influence of the Chamber as expressed through the Cabinet. Specifically, under the new Administration the purification of national politics was to be brought about by the introduction of proportional representation in Parliament. The Cabinet that now takes office is headed by M. Doumergue, a Radical-Socialist, and is made up of members of that group, Radicals and straight-out Socialists. Only one out of a dozen Ministers is said to be in favor of electoral reform. The Minister of Education is M. Viviani, Socialist and arch-enemy of the religious influence in the schools. M. Poincaré's election has thus obviously brought about no revolution in French Government policy.

Secrets of European diplomacy are brought to light with sufficient frequency to prove that in this country, for all the cunning and audacity the London *Times* occasionally attributes to us, we are amateurs at the game, mere shirt-sleeved amateurs. The *Matin* of Paris has just published the text of two secret treaties between Servia and Bulgaria, signed in February, 1912, or more than half a year before the outbreak of the war with Turkey. From these treaties it plainly appears that some of the European Powers were by no means taken by surprise when the conflict broke out. Russia was kept in touch with the plans of the allies, and Austria-Hungary and Germany were also cognizant of the way things were going; England and France were in the dark. When, therefore, the European Concert in the early autumn of 1912 pleaded and fulminated against war, the majority of the Concert showed themselves admirable actors. There was a certain sincerity in the assertion of the Powers that the war would not be allowed to change the *status quo* in the Balkans. It should seem to have been the hope at St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, that the combatants would fight themselves into a condition of general exhaustion, with no vital change in the political situation and a consequently freer hand for the Powers to pursue their game of benevolent guidance in the Balkans.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"IDEALIZING" THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Ambassador Page appears, quite unwittingly, to have fluttered the English dovecotes by his speech at the Savage Club on Saturday night. The London *Standard*, at all events, took great alarm at his account of the way in which the present Administration at Washington intends to apply the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Page will probably be surprised to wake up and find that he was threatening British financial interests in Latin America, and that he was serving an important official notice. All that he had in mind, presumably, was to give a matter-of-fact summary of President Wilson's address at Mobile. It was in this that the new policies, so far as they are new, were outlined; yet the English press saw nothing to be frightened at in what Mr. Wilson said. His speech was praised for its fine idealism, though doubt was expressed if he would be able to work it out practically. Certainly, no threat to English investments in Central and South America was seen in it. It was left for the Ambassador, in merely repeating what the President said, to stir up an apprehension which the President himself did not excite.

The nub of the matter lies in the "third proposition" laid down by Mr. Page, that "no sort of financial control can, with the consent of the United States, be obtained over those weaker nations which would, in effect, control their Government." This was not, of course, new with the Ambassador. He was simply paraphrasing the language of the President. Mr. Wilson had said that government in Latin America by concessionaires would be looked upon unfavorably by the United States. And he plainly intimated that adventurers who fought their way to temporary power in those republics, purely for the sake of a chance at the Treasury and concessions, would not be recognized by this country. If this is, as the London *Standard* asserts, a dangerous "elaboration" of the Monroe Doctrine, it is plain that it had already been made by President Wilson.

Looked at calmly, we think that the truth and force in Mr. Wilson's plan can be discerned, but also the peril. It is true that financial scheming has been at the bottom of many a South American revolution. Possession of the Executive power by means of the army, together with a subservient Congress, has often been made a means of shameless exploitation. In Venezuela, Colombia, Nicaragua, and elsewhere, revolutionists have seized the Government, squeezed it like an orange, and presently gone to join the colony in Paris of kings and presidents *en exil*. Mr. Wilson is quite right in putting his finger on the wearisome repetition of this process as a great evil. If he can wisely and safely do anything to check it, he will surely be conferring a boon upon the revolution-racked countries to the south of us. And no objection lies to one of the steps he proposes to take. This is to refuse to enter into relations with any chance "President" who upsets an existing Government and fights his way to seeming power in order that he and his fellow-conspirators may feather their nests. In every such case, it would be well for the United States to decline to sanction this means of attaining office, with pecuniary greed stamped all over it. We could, while keeping our hands off, wait to see what happens to the usurper or dictator. We could do routine business with him as the *de-facto* head of the Government, but withhold full recognition of the validity of his title until his own people had had time deliberately to confirm it. This is the policy which Mr. Wilson at first sought to follow with Gen. Huerta in Mexico, though the increasing disturbances in that country, with their imperilling of American lives and property, soon led him to go further and insist upon Huerta's retiring. The end of this diplomatic intervention in Mexico is not yet, and is probably a long way off; but the course of conduct adopted by President Wilson at the beginning can be defended as proper and useful, and might be followed to advantage in other republics. If an unscrupulous military adventurer knows that he will not, on seizing power, be acknowledged at once as a "great and good friend," his vision of profit by revolution will be blurred.

The case of this "idealized" Monroe Doctrine becomes much more dubious, however, when it goes on to the question of financial control, and of seeing to it that all Spanish-American governments are based upon the consent of the governed. We are at this moment having illustration of the difficulties involved in this. Passing by the Nicaraguan treaty, which in effect proposes an American protectorate, but which is now sleeping in the Senate committee, we have the Dominican affair. First of all, we are administering the finances of San Domingo. This by itself looks as if, when Ambassador Page declared that the United States would assent to no financial control which would amount to control of the Government, he meant no such control except by ourselves. It was confidently asserted that our administration of the Dominican custom-houses would make revolutions in that island impossible. But they have latterly shown their head again. The last one was abandoned upon the promise of our Minister that the United States would insure a fair and free election; and, accordingly, several American "observers" are now en route to be a sort of unofficial inspectors of election in San Domingo next week. They sail despite a vigorous notification by the Dominican authorities that they are not wanted.

In this kind of thing, it is obvious, there lie the seeds of mischief. Deprecating "financial control" of Spanish-American governments, we may be found exercising it. Protesting against force, we may at any moment get into a position where we shall be using force. Standing up firmly for the consent of the governed, we may presently be threatening the governed unless they consent to be governed by us. The whole policy is plainly one requiring the utmost care and discretion in the execution. One precaution, above all, is indicated. All these delicate plans and negotiations must be entrusted to men fitted by character and training to handle them. It is this consideration which heightens the folly of displacing experienced and acceptable Ministers so as to make room for Mr. Bryan's happy-go-lucky friends. That way madness lies.

SWIFTER AND SURER JUSTICE.

In the December *World's Work* Mr. George W. Alger shows again how an elaborate growth of law-made regulation has hampered our judges. And it is, happily, at this vicious system that those who, in the various States, are working for reform of judicial procedure, are intelligently striking. We have already seen what a gain could be made by the Supreme Court in Washington,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in expediting the business before it, when it was empowered to revise its own rules. Much remains to be done in the Federal courts, but the path has been blazed. It is for the States to take the lesson to heart. The hopeful trend of law-reform in America at present is summed up by Mr. Alger as aiming at two things: first, to induce our Legislatures to give to courts the broad powers which English courts possess; and, secondly, to adopt in the United States some of the time-saving methods in judicial procedure which have been practically worked out in England.

The whole thing is a human problem. There is nothing vastly mysterious about it. The simplest inquiry shows that there is a great and wholly needless amount of "waste motion" in our courts. The phrase is Mr. Alger's, and he uses it with no thought of making a pun, though he links it closely with the enormous number of useless and time-consuming "motions" permitted to lawyers under the American practice. One law-reform committee after another has urged the English example, and has made the familiar comparison between the dispatch of business by judges in England and in the United States. This comparison, usually invidious in appearance, is not wholly fair. It may be that, as a rule, English judges are men of more ability and vigor than ours; and they may gain something from their assured position; but the main reason, after all, why they do so much better work is that they have so much better tools. On this point, some of Mr. Alger's statistics are highly illuminating. In 1907, the judges of the County Courts and the City of London Courts disposed of more than 1,300,000 cases. But judgment by default was entered in 448,000 cases, 413,000 were dismissed, 38,000 were tried by the judges without a jury (there were 929 cases tried with a jury), while 404,000 cases were tried by the registers, recorders, or referees. This last is the great relevant point. The English system provides for the handling of a large amount of court business by officers not strictly judicial. Mr. Alger declares that, in England, the greater part of the 63,732 orders signed by judges in non-litigated matters in New York County in 1912, and of the 14,914 orders in litigated matters, would have been disposed of by officials not called judges. In other words, the English judges have far more assistance than ours enjoy; the superfluous rubbish of cases is swept away before the real issue comes before them, and hence they are able to make rapid decisions.

It is along this line of improvement that the recent Practice act in New Jersey proceeds. It provides for commissioners to whom application must be made to determine the nature and issues of a trial before it is taken into court at all. Thus irrelevancies are got rid of in advance, and sham defences stricken out. On one abuse in American practice Mr. Alger comments with much force. It is that of permitting a case—or aspects of it—to be passed upon by a half-dozen different judges. Lawyers will make one motion before one judge and another before another, and so on, thus compelling different judges to familiarize themselves with a case which is really on trial elsewhere. There could hardly be a more ingenious method of wasting time and energy. But in England the rules of the court require that one judge shall be assigned to conduct a given case from the beginning to the end, and all motions concerning it must be made before him. Is there any good reason why Americans should not display equal sense?

Our plight is by no means hopeless. The wheels of our chariot of justice drive no more heavily than was the case in England when Sydney Smith wrote of the Court of Chancery that it showed "a complication, formality, entanglement, and delay which the life, the wealth, and the patience of men cannot endure." Smilar words are often used of our present judicial procedure, and they are deserved; but the way out is clearly indicated. Fortunately, a great amount of well-directed energy is now expended by committees of the bar on the problem of judicial reform. It is only necessary to make steady application of common-sense and human experience.

REICHSTAG, ARMY, AND EMPIRE.

The debate in the Reichstag on Wednesday of last week, on the recent scandalous misconduct of an army officer in Zabern, Alsace, is said to have been the most exciting and the bitterest in nearly twenty years. But it was not without precedent—unless it be in the intensity of feeling. War Minister after War Minister has stood up in the Reichstag to defy its members, denounce the radical wing, and to utter the mediæval doctrine that in the Empire the army is supreme, and that its sacred honor must be upheld at any cost. In each case the Minister has either come direct from the Kaiser or spoken for him impliedly, and always the Reichstag has been helpless because of the lack of a Ministry responsible to its will. It has passed now a vote of censure on the Government—in itself an extraordinary occurrence—but nothing may happen. The garrison has indeed been removed from Zabern, somewhat to the dismay of the tradesfolk of that town; but no Ministers will fall, unless the Kaiser yields to public pressure, because the Kaiser alone makes or unmakes them, and it is his belief, frequently expressed, that before the "gay coat" of the military the people must bow, as Gessler tried to force Tell to make obeisance to his hat. The Kaiser learns but slowly.

It is precisely this independence of the Reichstag that renders the army so indifferent to popular anger and criticism. The newspapers may rage, but the army pays no attention to the "radical, traitorous press." Individual members of the Reichstag may criticise, but it is the rule that no one high up in the army loses his place or suffers for any act of official tyranny or misconduct towards the public. Lieut. Baron von Forstner, the offending Zabern officer, who gibed at the French Foreign Legion and the populace while drilling his company, is but too common a type. Oddly enough, the Reichstag is itself partly responsible for its own impotence, for, when the Ministry asks for more men, money, and arms, it votes them without hesitation. Even the Socialists made no determined fight last summer against the great levy for additional troops. The Reichstag invariably cowers before the old bogeys of a French war of revenge, of hostilities with Russia or England, and authorizes what is at least a "two-Power army," while the nation as a whole unquestionably approves. Thus the military trumphs and increases its strangle-hold on the country.

As a whole, the nation approves, we repeat. But deep down, we believe, there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are feelings ominous for those responsible for the present autocratic military régime. There is a national pride in the superb appearance, excellent physique, and drill of the army, but at the same time there is resentment not only at the overbearing attitude of the corps of officers, but at the withdrawal of so many men from industrial life, the huge waste of funds, and the fact that when in service the men under arms are not only there to frighten off foreign nations, but to overawe their countrymen. They are truly the props of the monarchy, though it is a gross exaggeration, of course, to say, as Gen. von Falkenhayn did last week, that without them not a stone of the Reichstag building would remain in place. For the present it is an easy task for the militarists to rivet their chains upon the people. The army is pictured as a democratic institution; every schoolboy is taught that but for it the German nation would never have come to pass, and could not now exist; and the periodical war scares are used to increase the terrible financial burdens. These, despite the nation's wonderful prosperity, steadily increase the trials of the poor, hundreds of thousands of whom can no longer afford meat save as a rare luxury. And always the army stands, by its very nature, in direct opposition to liberal progress of every kind. It would be certain to support the Kaiser if he should order the closing of the Reichstag, precisely as it ended the uprising of the people in 1849.

And it is especially deplorable that the particular excesses which have aroused the nation should have taken place in Alsace-Lorraine. Prince von Bülow has recently published his regret that the German Government has made no better headway in the recaptured provinces. They form the clearest kind of demonstration of the folly of any conquest to-day. The Germans have never won the hearts of the Alsatians any more than we have those of the Filipinos. They hold these lands as we do the Philippines, by brute strength. It is true that Alsace and Lorraine have shared the prosperity of the Empire, but all the revenue they have paid into the treasury is but a trifle as compared to what they have cost the nation by reason of their being a chief cause of its huge militaristic expenditures.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MUSE.

Whether we like it or not, the lark and the nightingale are fast disappearing from poetry. As in Dr. Johnson's day, the city presents a superior appeal to that of the country, and various poets are responding to its call. They have turned in part to street scenes. They note the unexpected meeting of eyes in a crowd—that experience which to Lowell was always so stimulating—the veiled sorrow of a passerby, and all the other individual semblances that lurk behind the masses' collective attitude. Most of such written observations are still in the experimental stage; at best are vignettes requiring a larger vision to lift them to real worth. Even Mr. Masefield's researches of the gutter, though bearing the authentic colors and intonations, are usually but raw material. One has only to compare one of his vagabonds with Wordsworth's poor Michael, simple character as the latter is, to feel the fundamental lack in much of such work.

Yet there are features of the city which can stir the imagination to transforming power. Admitting that the chirp of the sparrow cannot compensate for the lark's wild delight or for Philomel's sorrow, yet the city, too, has its whirr of wings and gush of song. Incidentally, it may be asked, has no city-dweller, stopping in the country, ever mistaken the note of a brook for a distant train? One American poet, Mr. Chester Firkins, sees sufficient poetic excitement in a subway express:

> I, who have lost the stars, the sod,
> For chilling pave and cheerless light,
> Have made my meeting-place with God
> A new and nether Night—
>
> Have found a fane where thunder fills
> Loud caverns, tremulous;—and these
> Atone me for my reverend hills
> And moonlit silences.
>
> A figment in the crowded dark,
> Where men sit muted by the roar,
> I ride upon the whirring Spark
> Beneath the city's floor.
>
> In this dim firmament, the stars
> Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
> Kin meteors graze our flying bars
> Amid the spinning spheres.

It was perhaps too fanciful to discover in the Brooklyn Bridge, as one poet did, a great harp which softened by the breath of the sea the city's harsh music. Yet it illustrates an increasing endeavor to get behind the man-made metropolis and to reach its inner meaning. We commend to such writers that great witches' caldron which lies in New York over St. Paul's and near by the Singer building, where twilight merges into a thousand starry spaces and circling vapors cast a spell. Man builds, as man built Babel, and scarcely has he finished when his edifice is invested with a spirit on which he never reckoned and which only the seer can understand.

Foreigners have wondered why our writers have done so little with the blast furnaces of Pittsburgh. Well, one poet, at least, has given us a notable picture of a smelter on a hillside, like a Cyclops, looking down on the city. Not only the city proper, but the spectacular handiwork of the city wherever found, is quickening more and more our young poets' fancy. For Mr. Percy Mackaye the automobile can also be a Pegasus. The following lines are a portion of his sonnet on that topic:

> Fluid the world flows under us: the hills
> Billow on billow of umbrageous green
> Heaved us, aghast, to fresh horizons, seen
> One rapturous instant, blind with flash of rills
> And silver-rising storms and dewy stills
> Of dripping boulders, till the dim ravine
> Drowned us again in leafage, whose serene
> Coverts grew loud with our tumultuous wills.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, though without much success, has laid hold of the aeroplane. These new tendencies are most interesting, yet whether they will change the complexion of poetic imagery it is too early to say. Mr. Firkins, in the passage quoted, has described his feelings in the subway in the terms of the older poetry, using, that is, details which have a long poetic tradition. The strict modernist would, of course, object to this method by pointing out that it is almost as archaic to liken the subway to "fanes" and "firmaments" as to sing of Greek temples and the stars directly. It is indeed a question whether the poets of the present can, even if they would, dispense with "lyric Apollo" and all his kin. Mr. Mackaye, in the one instance cited, has, it is true, confined himself to a language of motion and sound which seldom harks back. But as a general rule poetry will hardly achieve desired sweep and perspective without drawing on the poetic associations of other days, and especially of the free out-of-doors. Wherever mere man, plodding for his daily bread—be it in a sweltering summer of the East Side or in the humdrum of a Wall Street

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

office—looks up and feels the stir of other things, Pan has piped for him. The muse of the country and that of the city are really first cousins, only one of them just now bears the ignominy of being styled a "country cousin."

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT OF CHRISTMAS.

It has long been felt that something should be done to curb the excesses of the Christmas spirit. Beginning about a month before the 25th of December, a large part of the world falls victim to the most extravagantly benevolent impulses. The shops become filled with jostling crowds of careworn, irritable persons who glare at one another and exhaust their ingenuity in efforts, usually vain, to get the clerks to pay some attention to them. The evenings of the home are given over to discussions, now and then verging upon the acrimonious, as to what presents shall be purchased and where they shall be sent. This is often varied by conjectures as to what is likely to be received, and from whom. It is an inspiring spectacle. Everybody is thinking about giving. Finally, the long-awaited day arrives. The packages are opened. The doubt whether Cousin Kate would send anything or not is cleared up. With the strain of all these decisions removed, and their consequences known, there ensues a brief period in which people give way even more completely to the impulses of good-will. They exchange greetings with some show of warmth, inquire after the prosperity of those who do them any small service, and forget, for the moment, that business is business, and that life is short. It is sometimes as much as ten days after Christmas before normal conditions are restored.

Will our descendants believe that it was not until the second decade of the twentieth century that the world was aroused to the viciousness of this annual debauch of kindness? Will they believe that it was actually necessary to form societies in order to keep our better selves from getting the better of us? Such must be our humiliating confession. The first step towards scientific management of Christmas was the preparation of lists of gifts, so that no debt, hanging over from the previous year, should go unpaid. But this was not immediately followed by another. People were still so completely under the control of their unregulated impulses that they gave without thinking whether their gifts were useful or only representative of sentiment. Fathers still brought drums and horns to sons who were in dire need of books on "How to Study." Mothers still presented their daughters with dolls instead of copies of the election laws. And the amount of cards sent round, from hand-painted ones to those bought by the gross, staggers the imagination. From this intemperance of generosity we are just emerging. Its shadow is yet over us, so that we are not always absolutely sure of the distinction between the useful and the sentimental. But we are learning.

The worst effect of the unregulated Christmas spirit is that it lulls our natural suspicion of our fellows. To such an extreme of guilelessness has this carried us that the Police Commissioner of a great city has thought it necessary to issue an official warning. Don't forget, he says in substance, that this is in reality the same old lost world that it has been from the first. Christmases come and Christmases go, but human nature goes on forever. In particular, don't pay for C. O. D. packages until you have taken a look at them, and satisfied yourself that they contain something that you have ordered. Don't tempt your fellow-man by displaying what money you happen to have about you. Don't leave the room in which a messenger has delivered a parcel until the messenger has gone. Don't permit your cashier to hand out change before he has the piece of money he supposed himself to be changing. Don't leave your automobile unguarded in the street. Now, a careful person would be more or less apt to observe all of these injunctions at any season. The point of the Commissioner's warning is that at Christmas the individual is inclined to be so soft-hearted as to become the prey of the designing. How foolish to imagine that everybody is benevolently inclined merely because you are!

The good citizens of that town may endeavor to obey the Commissioner. But it will be a bit hard at first to look upon the person next them with one gracious and one suspicious eye. This, of course, is only because scientific management of Christmas is so new. As soon as we have had time to get accustomed to it, we shall be able to stare any messenger-boy with a C. O. D. package out of countenance while making him feel perfectly at home by the ardor of our greeting. We shall have no trouble in crying "Merry Christmas!" to the obliging stranger who directs us to the street we are hunting, in a tone that lets him know that we are not to be caught off our guard. It will become second nature for us to give the newsboy and the bootblack the little remembrance we have been in the habit of giving them, in a manner that tells them as plainly as words that we are not so "easy" as they may think we look. It is a high scientific ideal, but we shall manage to attain unto it. Whether it will be worth the trouble it will cost, is a question; it might even be easier to spread a little of the better part of the Christmas spirit over the rest of the year.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Almost before Indiana had acquired its statehood an historical work of some distinction was written and published on Hoosier soil. "The Sketchbook" and the "Leatherstocking Tales" had not yet appeared; William Cullen Bryant had published "Thanatopsis" only two years before, when the village of Salem, lying among the hills thirty miles north of Louisville, made its début as a publishing centre. It was before the days of railway or telegraph, and steamboats had only begun to appear on the Ohio. Paper, type, and presses had to be hauled by wagon from Louisville. The State capital was at Corydon, and the site of its successor, Indianapolis, was still unbroken forest. Salem itself was a backwoods village, yet, as county seat, already boasted a weekly paper; and it was in this little one-room office that the work in question, a biography of Napoleon, was published.

In 1818, when this book appeared, its hero still had half his dreary imprisonment at St. Helena to undergo. The title page reads: "The Life / of / Bonaparte, / late Emperor of the French, / &c., &c., &c., / from his birth until his departure / to the / Island of St. Helena, / by a citizen of the United States. / Salem, Indiana, / Printed by Patrick & Booth. / 1818." It will be observed that the author's name is not mentioned, and this omission has given rise to a deal of speculation. Some have thought that Mr. Patrick, the senior member of the publishing firm, himself wrote as well as printed the book. Another and more interesting theory attributes the composition to a German or Polish officer who had served on the staff of Marshal Ney and with him had undergone the horrors of the Russian campaign. He had appeared in Philadelphia in 1815, shortly after the final catastrophe at Waterloo, in a state of destitution, and had gradually drifted westward till he settled at length in southern Indiana. He gave his name as Lehmanowski (or Lemanowski), though some of those who came

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to know him best declared later that it had originally been Lehmann. Finding a widespread interest in Napoleon throughout the West, he prepared and delivered in many places a series of lectures on the career of the great captain, of whom he was a warm admirer. In private conversation he told many thrilling experiences of his own, declaring that he had taken part in 125 battles in the army of Napoleon. Among other things he gave a circumstantial account of the supposed execution of his old chief, Marshal Ney, and of that hero's escape and his life in this country.

While it is not possible to prove this officer the author of our book, there are several bits of evidence which have weight. First, the book itself is written with entire confidence of statement, and displays an acquaintance with the acts and words of Napoleon which is natural enough in one who had personally known him. Many documents, too — decrees, proclamations, speeches, etc.—are given bodily, some of which do not appear in much larger and fuller works. There is, furthermore, the direct testimony of an early resident of Salem, who knew Lehmanowski intimately, to the effect that he was the author; and this is reinforced by the assertions of Lehmanowski's own sons. Yet with all this, the proof falls short of certainty.

As to the volume itself, it measures 4x7 inches over all, is printed on a tough, substantial paper, and bound in full calf. The type is approximately 9-point, with a rather small face. There are occasional errors in the typography, mostly of single letters, but on the whole it is a fairly "clean" and creditable piece of work. About one-third of the 257 pages of the biography are devoted to the first thirty-five years of Napoleon's life, and the rest to the history of his reign as Emperor. Only one short chapter—hardly more than five pages—is expended upon his early years, the second chapter opening with his marriage to Josephine. Three chapters contain the story of the Italian campaigns which first revealed his genius to the world; then two are given to his Egyptian enterprise, and another two to his gradual absorption of supreme power as consul.

The author's attitude towards his subject is revealed in this paragraph:

> To a philosophic mind no spectacle could be more interesting than that which France presented at this period of her history. It was the spectacle of a great nation which, after breasting the storms of a more terrible revolution than any that history records, was again forced back by a mighty combination of foreign powers to the point from which she started—to the sway of a family whom she had driven with ignominy from the throne and whose expulsion had been sealed by the blood of millions of her people. . . . The house of Bourbon was driven from the throne—for more than twenty years France remained steadfast in her aversion to that family; she waded through oceans of blood and endured every privation—the bravest of her warriors have fallen and the greatest and wisest of her patriots and philosophers have been sacrificed to confirm the expulsion of a dynasty which they declared incapable of reigning in consequence of its multiplied crimes. But vain have been her efforts! The iron hand of force has succeeded in dethroning the man who, with all his faults, has contributed more in the fourteen years of his power to the prosperity and glory of France than had been achieved for centuries before; and in the vacant throne they have put a member of the proscribed family of Bourbon, a man of imbecile character, an enemy to all those glorious recollections which can alone console France under her present misfortunes; a king, in short, who has avowed himself indebted for his crown to the ancient and unrelenting foe of the nation he was about to govern. Such was the humiliating picture which France presented at the period of Napoleon's abdication.

The explanation of the rout at Waterloo is one which a soldier of the grand army might have been expected to endorse. After mentioning the arrival on the field of the Prussians under Bülow and Blücher the author goes on:

> At this period a panic, strange and incomprehensible in men who had distinguished themselves by such unparalleled heroism before, was observed to have seized some troops of the middle guard, which immediately communicated itself to those around. The Prussians availed themselves of the moment and sprang forward to the charge, followed by the English army, and the effect was decisive. . . . Such was the issue of the ever-memorable battle of Mount St. John or Waterloo; a battle which cast a darker gloom over the destiny of France than any which has loured in her horizon since the day of Agincourt. Yet, fatal as the result was, the conflict shed a ray of glory on the arms of France of which defeat cannot rob them. For three days the French fought the armies of Prussia and England, commanded by their ablest generals, and victory attended them to the last hour, when it was snatched from their grasp by a fortuitous event which no skill could have anticipated.

The history closes with the exile's embarkation on the Northumberland, but in a brief appendix is given a two-page description of St. Helena, followed by lists of the members of Napoleon's family, the kings created by him, and the nobility of his creation. The little book is readable and in the main remarkably correct, especially when its early date is considered. Unfortunately not more than five copies are known to be in existence, and even the State Library of Indiana, which makes a specialty of State history and literature, has been obliged to be content with a typewritten copy.

HUGH MACMASTER KINGERY.

Correspondence

OPIUM IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 13 I find a communication from Mr. Bertrand Shadwell, dated September 18, which concludes with the remark that, if the Dutch East Indian Government "could be induced, in the interest of humanity, to renounce its profits [on the sale of opium] and to close its opium manufactory, the practice of the opium vice in Java would cease at once."

Mr. Shadwell's implied wish is shared by many, but a formidable obstacle lies in the path of its realization, to wit, precisely those profits he rightly calls very large since the revenue derived from the opium monopoly in the Dutch East Indies exceeds the outlay by more than 200 per cent. As regards her renouncing this lucrative if unholy traffic, Holland has always shown herself perfectly willing to engage in any amount of talk while reserving her liberty to shun parallel action in the interest of humanity as a totally different matter. Holland has consequently never lagged behind in joining opium conferences and congresses, bravely discussing conditions, and voting for or against amendments; gladly extending her hospitality to the delegates of the participating countries, lately assembled at The Hague. Holland furthermore, according to the periodically recurring statements of her successive Ministers for the Colonies, takes nothing so much to heart as the moral and material welfare of the millions of inhabitants of her vast Asiatic possessions. But it is a curious fact that the louder she proclaims her determination to perform her colonial duties, the less chance these laudable intentions stand, by destiny's strange decree, of being translated into deeds—every one in her oversea dominions knows that.

The opium vice has been imported into Java, not to forget the exterior possessions, and sedulously fostered expressly for the sake of gain. When the scandals of the opium farm began to cry to heaven, reform was promised in the shape of the so-called Opium Regie. Government was going to restrain, gradually to prohibit, the use of opium by doing away with the Chinese middlemen, by preparing opium for native consumption in a Government opium manufactory, and retailing it in Government opium shops, to be smoked in Government opium dens. And what now is the result of this fine measure? In the year 1903 I was clapped in jail, thanks to the power conferred upon Dutch colonial authorities by a mediæval Press act, for predicting in the Batavia newspaper I then edited what since has happened and could not fail to happen, given Dutch colonial shortsighted rapacity. I foresaw, as any one might have foreseen, that the "reform" ushered in with a tremendous show of paternal care for the native population at the expense of the Dutch exchequer, would produce a diametrically opposite effect. In vindication of my protest, the opium habit has spread far beyond its former confines, and goes on spreading under the Government Regie worse than ever under the Chinese opium farm, with continually greater immediate profit to the aforementioned exchequer and corresponding greater loss, materially and morally, to the peoples under Dutch colonial rule. The net gain, less than $5,600,000 in 1902, is estimated at $8,000,000 for the current year and $8,400,000 for 1914, while the actual net receipts will doubtless enormously exceed the latter sum, since the Government estimates referring to this shady source of revenue are, for obvious reasons, kept very low.

Yet official and non-official spokesmen of the Dutch and Dutch East Indian Governments declare solemnly in official, semi-official, and non-official statements on each and every occasion that they are stamping out the opium vice in the Dutch East Indies—not the only fiction assiduously maintained: *mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur*. No wonder that the colopial excellencies, comfortably retired after their diligent application of this golden rule, meeting at their clubs or in the street, can hardly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

refrain from smiling, like the Roman augurs, when looking at one another.

J. F. SCHELTEMA.

Edinburgh, November 24.

DIALECT IN LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When in doubt as to the merits of a literary dispute, consult Goethe. What he says concerning dialects seems to me to have a direct bearing on the subject recently discussed in the columns of the *Nation*. I translate from the second part (sixth Book) of "Wahrheit und Dichtung."

I had been born and bred to use the Upper-German dialect, and although my father always cultivated a certain purity of language, and early called the attention of his children to what may be regarded as the defects of that idiom, preparing us thus for better speech, I still retained certain deep-seated and naïve peculiarities, of which I had grown fond. I liked to air them, though by their use I invariably incurred a severe reprimand from my new fellow-townsmen. [He was living in Leipzig at the time.] . . . The Upper-Germans, and particularly those who live near the Rhine and Main (great rivers, like the sea-coast, diffuse general animation) are fond of expressing themselves in similes and allusions, and clothe sound commonsense in apt proverbs. Such language is sometimes blunt, though never out of place, considering its intent. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that here and there a delicate ear may object to certain idioms.

Every province loves its own dialect, for, properly speaking, the soul draws from it its very life-breath. But every one knows with what obstinacy the dialect of Meissen has lorded it over the rest, so that all other speech was almost excluded in that region. . . . I was made to feel that I ought to eschew the use of proverbs, which, instead of beating about the bush, always hit the nail on the head. . . . I was to forget all that, in the ardor of my youth, I had made my own. My inmost heart was, as it were, struck dumb, and I scarcely knew how to express the commonest things. Withal, I was told that one should speak as one writes, and write as one speaks; while to me speaking and writing were absolutely two different things, each of which had its own rights.

Elsewhere, in reviewing a play, written in the Alsatian dialect, Goethe deprecates the "consolidation of the various German dialects as a means of promoting national unity." This, he said, would only lead to "the destruction of the real character of the nation." He thought dialects "a perfectly legitimate outgrowth of youthful impressions and of the concurrence of the organs of hearing, speech, and thought."

Now, what Goethe says of the German language is equally true of another. But, in speaking of dialect, we must distinguish between long-established speech and passing slang, between what is homely and permanent and what is vulgar and ephemeral. True poets have at all times known how to put existing dialects to effective use. In the most cultivated literary circles of northern Germany the popularity of Fritz Reuter's *plattdeutsche* poems and stories is as great as is that of Hebel's "Alemannische Gedichte" in southern Germany. The charm of Rosegger's and Anzengruber's Styrian peasant speech is as real as that of Burns's Scotch idiom, which has captured the whole world. Some lines in Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" are as striking as the polished verse of "In Memoriam." Gerhart Hauptmann's Silesian dialect is often telling; his Berlin dialect never is. Our "coon songs" are, indeed, generally vile, but in Foster's negro melodies the words seem as truly poetic as anything ever set to music. Uncle Remus's negro prose continues to live and delight. Mistral has enriched Provençal speech until it has become, as has been said, the classic vulgate of the Félibres. Some dialects, such as the Pennsylvania Dutch, seem incapable of furnishing poetic inspiration; others, like that of the mountaineers of Tennessee, when handled by as able a writer as Miss Murfree, have made their entrance into literature. Whether "hoosier" poetry deserves to be seriously discussed in a journal like the *Nation* depends entirely on the question whether we esteem the man who writes it a real poet or not.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, December 5.

THACKERAY'S "LITTLE BILLEE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issues of November 6 and 20 the News for Bibliophiles contains discussions of the source of Thackeray's "Little Billee." The London *Academy* of July 12, 1884, has a letter on the subject by "E. G." (Edmund Gosse?), and there are other letters in the numbers for July 19 and August 16. The first letter contains the text of "Le Petit Navire," quoted from *Mélusine*, I, 463. In the second number, which contains three letters, there is a rendering into Greek, and Alfred Nutt remarks: "The 'Petit Navire' is a catch as familiar in France as the 'Three Blind Mice' in England. Every boy and girl throughout the country knows it by heart. There can be no doubt that Thackeray picked it up during his stay in France, and simply adapted it." ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, December 4.

CELT AND KELT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When freshmen talk about "Kelts" something should be done. This barbarism —*Kelt*—came into fashion presumably some time after the late Professor Freeman had indulged his fancies of spelling—fancies hardly outdone by Robert Browning. The Hellenism of both men was picturesque, and it was pleasant to observe the freedom of these masters.

Upon what authority—save that of a growing desire to be different from others—have *Kelt* and *Keltic* thus come into use? The answer would seem simple enough: a dictionary will clear up the matter. Curiously, I have found no single instance where *Kelt* and *Keltic* have been cited as warrant for this use. In one dictionary only is precedence given to *Kelt* over *Celt*, and that is in Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, though why it should be given first when later in the text "κελτικός = Celtic, Gallic." is not apparent. The last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica has no entry under *Kelt, Keltic*. The Standard and New International Dictionaries give *Kelt* as a variant for *Celt*, with no authorities; and the New International relegates *Kelt* to the fine print at the bottom of the page. Although the 1908 edition of Brockhaus's Konversationslexicon enters the name under *Kelt* for treatment—a cross-reference from the bare word *Celt*—the Wörterbuch of Flügel-Schmidt-Tanger enters only *Celte, celtisch*. Harper's Latin Dictionary naturally gives *Celtic*. From the French sense of the fitness of things one could expect only *Celt, celtique*, recognized in the dictionaries of that self-respecting language. And the Spaniards observe Romance tradition in *Celta, celtico*, etc.

The real humor of *Kelt* is most keenly perceived in reading the long list of perfectly natural English words, *Celt, celtic*, etc., given in the Oxford Dictionary. *Celt* has been a normal form since 1607. Its origin is obvious; and nouns, adjectives, and adverbs have been made from it for 300 years. Celtic scholars in Great Britain have found *Celt* and *Celtic* quite good enough for their modest, not to say reverent, use. He would be rash who questioned Whitely-Stokes's taste or good sense in writing *Celtic*. Nor have Celtic scholars on the Continent felt bound to adopt an initial *K* for the word because the Greeks used it. The *Zeitschrift fur Celtische Philologie* suggests that *Kelt* is not universal in German university circles. When Holder gave the name to his monumental "Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz" he did not affect a pedantic superiority to the usage of the vernacular.

Who shall defend this barbarism in English? *Kelt* and *Keltic* are the only forms admitted in volume one of the Cambridge "Mediæval History." Who will accept the challenge thus thrown at the historical evidence for *Celt* offered by Oxford? In plain terms, is not *Kelt* a mere affectation?

W. P. REEVES.

Kenyon College, Gambier, O., December 3.

SWINBURNE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I solicit the aid of your readers in my attempt to render more nearly complete my bibliography of books, articles, and poems by Swinburne? This bibliography, tentatively published as an appendix to the new collection of Swinburniana entitled "A Pilgrimage of Pleasure," is admittedly incomplete. It does not, however, pretend to mention articles or poems which have been gathered into volumes by Mr. Swinburne or his executor. It does aim to list all first editions and such essays, stories, and poems as Mr. Swinburne has not seen fit to reissue in book form. I shall be exceedingly grateful for such assistance as your readers may give me in my effort to publish a complete checklist of Swinburniana. EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

South Yarmouth, Mass., December 4.

INSOMNIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The remedy for insomnia contributed to your issue of December 4 may be called a mental method. There is a strictly physical method that often works successfully, as I and others have found. Get a woven rubber bandage from a surgical supply store and wind it around the chest, so that an appreciable exertion must be put forth to expand the lungs. The additional effort required to breathe will in a very short time relieve the congestion that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is causing the trouble. The bandage must not be so tight as to cause real difficulty in breathing, or it will defeat the purpose desired. OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, Md., December 5.

Literature

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—II.

Dickens is naturally among the novelists brought out for the holiday season. Of the quarto "Old Curiosity Shop" (Doran; $5 net) the distinguishing feature is the illustrations in color by Frank Reynolds, R.I. It is not every novel that admits of being elaborately illustrated to the satisfaction of those who treasure their own mental images of its characters; and when the thing does admit of being done, there are still a hundred ways of going astray in the execution. But Dickens's story of Little Nell, and her grandfather, and Sampson Brass, and Sally Brass, and Quilp, and Dick Swiveller is precisely of the kind which good pictures cannot hurt; and Mr. Reynolds has made capital ones—at once good to look at and chiming in with our notion of the characters.

Mrs. Gaskell, of "Cranford," was not a towering genius, but her work was sterling, and it has worn well. Dodd, Mead & Co. have issued her "Wives and Daughters" ($1.50 net) in a pleasing volume of 641 pages, with many illustrations. The print is small, but remarkably clear. There is an interesting analytical and critical preface by Thomas Seccombe, sketching and estimating Mrs. Gaskell's literary career as a whole, but devoted chiefly to this work. "The characters," says Mr. Seccombe in closing, "are as difficult as ever novelist attempted, the success as great as ever novelist achieved."

Very slender are the princesses and much bewigged are their suitors in Kay Nielsen's illustrations of the fairy tales which, retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, form the text of the happily named volume, "In Powder and Crinoline" (Doran). Sir Arthur complains of a plentiful lack of fairy stories of the age of crinoline, but has made shift to find three, including one of his own.

A charming book from Doran's is Barrie's "Quality Street" ($5 net). Here we have, owing to the brevity of the work, a quarto sumptuous in its heavy paper and large type, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson—some in color and some in black and white—of a rare delicacy and piquancy. Those to whom the play, as given by Maude Adams, is a delightful memory, will enjoy having that memory refreshed by the text and pictures of this attractive volume.

Two essays, believed to be hitherto unpublished, one by Charles Dudley Warner and the other by Walt Whitman, are put forth by the Carteret Book Club of Newark in editions limited to one hundred copies. Warner's essay is a short appreciation of Charles Dickens, of whom it remarks that half an hour "is worth a lifetime of his self-conscious analyzers." Whitman begins his essay, which is on "Criticism," by suggesting that he may be going to write upon something that does not exist. But he thinks that it might exist, and, if of the right kind, "might arrest, hold up to scorn, and in due time thoroughly exterminate, a false and vicious school of current writers, and might prepare for, beget, and bring forward to maturity, crops of noble writers and even poets, instead. But this," he also thinks, "is supposing a stature of Critics and Criticism . . . far higher than British or European literature has even yet afforded."

Robert Haven Schauffler has written a "Romantic America" (Century; $5 net). There is a robust text to carry the handsome illustrations, which is not always the case with your volume *de luxe*. It is no disparagement to the galaxy of artists who have collaborated with the writer—Maxfield Parrish, Joseph Pennell, André Castaigne, Anne Bosworth Greene, Harry Fenn, and Henry Guy Fangel among others—to say that without their work the book would still be a vivid portrayal of the charm of American landscape and our older architecture. Much of the material is necessarily preordained—the Grand Cañon, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, New Orleans, and the colonial homes of old Virginia; but the familiar stuff is freshly handled. The volume is a handsomely printed quarto.

One of the most elaborately wrought books of the present season is "Parsifal, or The Legend of the Holy Grail, Retold from Ancient Sources, with Acknowledgment to the 'Parsifal' of Richard Wagner," by T. W. Rolleston, presented by Willy Pogány (Crowell; $6 net). The 192 pages have been reproduced by lithography in two colors, each page, including the lettering, being the work of the artist. There are sixteen plates in full color, besides numerous marginal designs. Though not distinguished, the heroic couplets in which the legend is told move for the most part smoothly.

From the same publishers comes a new edition of the "Rubáiyát" ($1.50 net), in less expensive style than that issued by them two years ago. Though the size of the page has been slightly decreased and the weight of the paper reduced, the new edition has been printed from the same plates as the more elaborate volume, and has the same number of illustrations (twenty-four) in full color. The work of the artist, Willy Pogány, is too well known to require description.

Henry van Dyke's "The Toiling of Felix," a poem based upon the "sayings of Jesus" discovered in a papyrus fragment near the Nile in 1897, receives holiday recognition in an edition containing illustrations in color by Herbert Moore and border decorations by Edward B. Edwards (Scribner; $1.50 net). Another book of verse is Robert W. Service's songs of travel and adventure and sentiment, well named "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" ($2 net), which has been brought out by Dodd, Mead with photographic reproductions of many of the scenes described or alluded to. The first poem tells the story of the book:

> There's sunshine in the heart of me,
> My blood sings in the breeze;
> The mountains are a part of me,
> I'm fellow to the trees.
> My golden youth I'm squandering,
> Sun-libertine am I;
> A-wandering, a-wandering,
> Until the day I die.

Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" appears in handsome holiday colors (Dutton; $6 net). As the text for her illustrations Margaret Cook, the artist, has apparently taken Whitman's verse, "I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul," and has attempted to poetize the several stark masculine figures called for by the text by a mirage of colors and blurred outlines; but she has had better success with the figures of women. The cover, which illustrates the title, is most effective, being nothing more than a few sprigs in gilt superimposed upon a background of dull green cloth.

Youthful readers and many who are not so young will find pleasure in the pages of "The Book of the Sagas" (Dutton; $2.50). Even in modern English Thor looks every inch a hero. But the English version, made by Alice S. Hoffman, would be much better if the trick of introducing sentences with "and" had not been overworked and the simplicity of the original Icelandic had not been falsified. The illustrations by Gordon Browne, R. I., several of them in glowing colors, are in themselves worth the price of the book.

Mr. Max Beerbohm has chosen an opportune moment to issue his "Fifty Caricatures" (Dutton; $2 net). Funny and clever at any time, they are delicious at just this season when between the drums and tramplings of Sir Edward Carson and Mrs. Pankhurst English statesmen have taken on a harassed look. Sir Edward Carson himself appears, or rather not himself, being conceived as something like a combination of the devil and a lily pad. But this is the only case in which the artist has permitted symbolic value to blur life-likeness. Outstanding personalities of other nations are represented, such as Caruso, Hauptmann, and Rodin.

A number of illustrations, four of them reproductions in color, may explain the inclusion of Fromentin's "Masters of Past Time" (Dutton; $2.50 net) among the special holiday books. For those who do not know the "Maîtres d'Autrefois" in the original this English version may be recommended.

ASSYRIAN RELIGION.

Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Von Morris Jastrow, jr. Three volumes. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.

In 1898 Professor Jastrow published his "Religion of Babylonia and Assyria," in a series of handbooks on the History of Religion edited by him. In 1902 appeared the first part of a translation of this work into German, under the title, "Die Religion des Babyloniens und Assyriens," a somewhat unusual experience for an American author. In the announcement accompanying the first part of this translation, the complete work was promised in ten parts within a year, revised by the author and brought up to date. As the work progressed this original plan was changed several times, until at last, after eleven years, we have three bulky volumes, together with a portfolio of illustrations, containing in all some 1,800 pages against less than 800 pages in the orig-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inal. As the pages in the German are considerably larger than those in the English volume, the new German work may be said to be, in the matter of text, three times as large as the original English work. This difference in size is not, however, the only difference between the two books. The last seven chapters, or about one-half of the original English work, dealing with cosmology, myths and legends, future life, temples and ritual, and containing finally a general summing up, are altogether omitted from the German volume, which, in spite of its larger size, is therefore as yet a torso. Dr. Jastrow attempts to present an exhaustive treatment of the omen and magical literature of the Babylonians. Through the first fourteen chapters the difference in contents and in size between the two books is not great—252 pages in the English to 272 pages in the German. It is when he begins to deal with the magical texts that the change takes place. The result is that the book is strangely out of proportion. The first 272 pages, constituting the first half of the first volume, are part of a handbook of the history of the religion, like the original English edition. The remaining two volumes and a half are, in continually increasing ratio, a collection in full or by content of all known magical texts, prayers and hymns, penitential psalms, and more especially oracles and omens of every description, particularly the omens derived from the examination of the liver and the study of the heavens.

As might be expected from the length of time consumed in this immensely painstaking work, with the constant addition of new material as a result of excavations in progress, or new discoveries in old material through decipherment of texts theretofore unknown, Professor Jastrow has undergone various changes of opinion in the process of publication. The pages dealing with the history and relation of the various forms of wedge-shaped writing, in the earlier part of the work, had to be rewritten later, and, similarly, the views first expressed with regard to the Sumerian language, which Professor Jastrow did not believe existed, were changed and modified later, the proof of the existence of that language having become too convincing for him longer to refuse to accept it. With all the wealth of material which he has presented, Dr. Jastrow yet finds himself obliged to apologize in the preface for various omissions, especially a treatise on the Elamite language by Dr. Hüsing, omitted for lack of space, and specimens of purely Sumerian hymns and penitential songs. The latter omission he promises to repair in another work, which is to treat also the material covered in the latter chapters of the original English volume, not included in the present book. We wish, by the way, that in his preface the author had followed Anglo-American rather than German custom, and omitted altogether polemical references to his critics.

Naturally, the relatively disproportionate space allotted in this book to the discussion of omen literature gives the reader the impression that this was the real content of the Babylonian-Assyrian religion, and, in point of fact, in ordinary practice, magic did constitute, during a considerable part of its history certainly, the religion of Babylonia-Assyria, as it did of Egypt. This is evidenced by the great mass of this literature which has been handed down to us. Dr. Jastrow has deserved well of scholars, especially by his study of the omen texts. The more important results of this study have already been noted in the columns of the *Nation* as the different parts of the work were issued.

To many students, however, and to readers in general, the most interesting and valuable part of this whole publication will prove to be the "Bildermappe zur Religion des Babyloniens und Assyriens," a portfolio of pictures dealing with or in any way illustrating Babylonian religion, 226 illustrations in all, with about 100 pages of text. As in the case of the omen literature, Professor Jastrow has sought to make this pictorial representation of Babylonian-Assyrian religion exhaustive, and he has, in fact, assembled here, if not all, at least all of importance, from the monuments of various sorts, including the seal cylinders. We note a few places in which the collection might have been enlarged to advantage, especially the parts dealing with the temples and *ziggurats*, and with burial and the future life. In some cases, also, the pictures lack clearness; but, on the whole, Dr. Jastrow has accomplished his difficult task well, and the text accompanying the pictures is, in general, a sane and helpful interpretation of their meaning.

The illustrations from the seal cylinders were selected by Dr. William Hayes Ward, who also wrote the text accompanying. With these explanations and with Dr. Ward's general view of the Babylonian religion and its relation to neighboring cults, we do not find ourselves always able to agree. On page 105 he says: "The genuine Babylonian art has carefully avoided everything obscene," and he accordingly refers the figures of naked goddesses upon the cylinders to northern, particularly Hittite, influence, or ascribes the cylinders to other than Babylonian sources. In point of fact, sexual representations are extremely common in the figurines found in the temples of southern and middle Babylonia in the very earliest period. Indeed, the temples are full of sexual symbols, both male and female, in the earliest period very crude and literal, and gradually assuming conventional forms. One does not need, after examining the remains found in these temples, to read Herodotus's account in order to be convinced that the sexual cult was very pronounced in the Babylonian religion. We think there is more of it on the cylinders than Dr. Ward has realized, although there is less there than in the images and figures to which we have referred. This is not the sort of thing that can be published *in extenso*, and Dr. Jastrow wisely exhibits very little of it in his pictures. He does, however, recognize its existence in the religious art.

The last volume is provided with most elaborate indices, including a dictionary covering in all almost 150 pages. They represent a colossal industry. One curious geographical error should be corrected in any future edition. The procession of the gods, in plate 98, is described as: "Grosse Felsenskulptur zu Malatia in Anti-Taurusgebirge." The real place is Maltäi, about thirty miles due north of Mosul.

CURRENT FICTION.

Here Are Ladies. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Stephens is a poet, and so declared himself by issuing two volumes of verse before. With "The Crock of Gold" he showed mastery of humorous and imaginative prose. That was an unusual book, and the critic could only vaguely range it with "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Water Babies"—which is to say, very much above and beyond books merely conventional or merely clever. "Here Are Ladies" is almost as unusual. The short papers here collected are not quite stories—certainly not "short stories" in the American sense. They are "sketches" rather, scenes and situations presented on their own merits, as Maupassant, for example, often thought them worth presenting. These sketches arrange themselves for the most part in triads, as "Three Heavy Husbands," "Three Women Who Wept," "Three Happy Places," and so on. In most of them Mr. Stephens plays with the perennial subjects of romancer and satirist, women and marriage. But his play is mirthful, seldom merely facetious, and never merely bitter; his humor is that of a poet masking as a satirist. Taken by themselves, some of these pages, like certain episodes in "The Crock of Gold," may shock "the gentle reader," but their extravagance is (to compare small things with great) that of Rabelais rather than that of Swift. A deep vein of romantic feeling underlies all this display of cynicism, and crops up in the intercalary verses which offer so sharp a contrast, on the surface, to the prose text.

Mr. Stephens deals with types rather than persons. For example, the first of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his "heavy husbands" is the silent man. Having thoughtlessly exposed himself to matrimony, he looks forward to the wedding ceremony as the beginning of a lifetime of conversation:

It lay, therefore, that he must amend his own hand, and, accordingly, for the purpose of marital intercourse, he began a sad inquiry into the nature of things. The world was so full of things; clouds and winds and sewing-machines, kings and brigands, hats and heads, flower-pots, jam and public-houses—surely one must find a little to chat about at any moment if one were not ambitiously particular.

But the dread moment arrives and he finds himself dumb:

As he sat in the train beside his wife the silence which he so dreaded came upon them. Emptiness buzzed in his head. He sought diligently for something to speak about — the characteristics of objects! There were objects and to spare, but he could not say—"that window is square, it is made of glass," or, "the roof of this carriage is flat, it is made of wood."

Suddenly his wife buried her face in her muff, and her shoulders were convulsed. . . .

Love and contrition possessed him on the instant. He eased his husky throat, and the dreaded, interminable conversation began—"What are you crying for, my dear?" said he.

Her voice, smothered by the fur, replied: "I am not crying, darling," said she; "I am only laughing."

Perhaps the real charm and strength of the book lie in the fact that it is a man's book; a book free of the drawing-room conventions, decent or indecent, which now obsess our fiction; a book with the free and hearty voice of one honest man speaking to another in his shop or at his club.

Pelle the Conqueror: Boyhood. By Martin Anderson Nexö. Translated from the Danish by Jessie Muir. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

When this first of the four parts of this novel appeared some seven years ago, its author was hardly known even in little Denmark. Now he is famous there; and as his work has the sturdy human quality, which is of all qualities most likely to weather the risks of translation, we see no reason why he may not reach a world-wide audience. He writes from his heart and his experience. Like his hero, he fought his way up from the humblest origin and the least promising conditions to a place of dignity and influence.

Pelle is the conqueror, because he is born, and never ceases to be, the captain of his soul. Nexö, like Pelle, passed his boyhood on the prosperous little island of Bornholm in the Baltic, where work and fair pay offered themselves to the starving farm laborers of Sweden and Denmark. Pelle is hardly more than a child when his old father brings him to Bornholm. They find a foothold upon one of the larger farms, and there, however precariously, they stick throughout Pelle's boyhood. Stone Farm is a little world in itself; we hardly step beyond it in the course of these pages. The master, Kongstrup, is a big, thriving, earthy fellow, kind enough to his men, but a devastator among women. Life at Stone Farm involves much of the savagery, the wreaking of primitive emotions, which our newspapers gloat over, and our novelists (perhaps wisely) ignore. This writer neither gloats nor glozes over the simple facts of rural life, as he has learned them from experience. His people of Bornholm are uncouth, unclean, lewd, but, above all, human and lovable, if not likable. No figure among them is less imposing or even respectable than Pelle's father, poor old Lasse, with his bragging cowardice, his belated gallantry, his innate feebleness of mind and soul. And yet there is something infinitely touching and even engaging about him. This ineffective, prattling, tippling drudge among the cowsheds has a heart of his own, and blood in his veins. Pelle, the young and strong, loves him. Their parting, when the time comes for Pelle to set out upon his great adventure, wrings them both, almost speechless though it be.

Pelle held out his hand. "Good-by and thank you, father—for all your kindness!" he added gently.

"Yes, yes; yes, yes!" said Lasse, shaking his head. It was all he was able to say.

He went out with Pelle past the outhouses, and there stopped, while Pelle went on along the dikes with his sack on his back, up towards the highroad. Two or three times he turned and nodded; Lasse, overcome, stood gazing, with his hand shading his eyes. He had never looked so old before. . . .

Now Lasse turned and went in. How forlorn he looked! Pelle felt a quick desire to throw down the sack and run back and say something nice to him; but before he could do so the impulse had disappeared upon the fresh morning breeze. His feet carried him on upon the straight way, away, away. . . .

Sons and Lovers. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

It is hard to see why the author chose the coal fields of Derbyshire as his setting, and for his hero the son of a miner, unless, indeed, he wished to imply that the free thinking and free living of a certain fashionable London society have penetrated, like the tango and the victrola, to the lower classes. The story will leave a gloomy impression on most readers. It is too strongly grasped and wrought out to be negligible, and will force many, in spite of themselves, to accept it as a true picture. As to the general background, there can be no question that the writer has his eye on the object. Life in the Morel household, hard as it is, is no more severe than an occasional miner's wife has to contend with. Mrs. Morel is obliged not only to wring enough from her hard-drinking husband to make both ends meet, but to bear him children in rapid succession; and the early chapters also relate her struggle to maintain the ideals to which before marriage she has been accustomed. In this battle lies the book's real charm and pathos. The mother's relation to her children, especially two sons, is described with the firm knowledge that brings conviction.

The second son, Paul Morel, is the central character of the story. Having learned to paint, though he continues in a clerkship throughout the book, he is promptly endowed by the author with all the heartache expected of great genius. He loves Miriam, the attractive daughter of a farmer, yet cannot marry her because she is too shadowy. Instead, he claims her body, and, passion having cooled, is convinced that his soul requires pastures new. He has a similar and more extended relation with a young married woman living apart from her husband, and again interprets the vicissitudes of physical desire in spiritual terms. At length his mother dies, after long-drawn-out suffering with cancer; rather, her actual end is accomplished by him by means of an overdose of morphia, intended, one must believe, not only to relieve her anguish, but his own as well. Then nothing is left for him. Miriam offers to marry him, but he refuses, and walks forth into the night.

Paul's "affairs" are the indulgence of an egotist, whose egotism has no large transforming power.

"LABBY."

The Life of Henry Labouchere. By Algar Labouchere Thorold. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

This is a book of varied and sustained interest, but somehow fails to be completely satisfying. This fact, however, may be a subtle recommendation. A life that was, in some senses, *manqué*, does not go ill with a biography that here and there is broken and disappointing. The work is full and conscientious, though occasionally marred by carelessness; it is quite without hero-worship or family pride; but it is a thing of sections and glances rather than a consistent and unified whole. But so, too, was Labouchere.

Mr. Thorold quietly assumes that he was "the greatest English wit since Sheridan." This might be challenged on several grounds. It would be like "Labby" to challenge it by remarking that Sheridan was Irish and Labouchere was French. Such he indubitably was not only by descent but by cast of mind and aptitude of expression. The crisp turn of his epigrams and paradoxes reached

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London by way of the Seine. One of them is well said to be inconceivable as coming from lips right English. It was his saying of a Parliamentary colleague—Bradlaugh, of course—that "the mere denial of the existence of God did not entitle a man's opinion to be taken without scrutiny on matters of greater importance." This is one of the class of utterances which led some to dub Labouchere Voltairian. The resemblance is not thoroughgoing. But the quality of whimsical cynicism was bred in his French blood. He began to be audacious with his tongue in boyhood, and kept it up until almost literally the day of his death. A few hours before his end at Florence, an attendant upset a spirit-lamp by his bedside. Labouchere was startled out of his comatose condition, noted the glow, and said, "Flames? Not yet, I think," and quizzically laughed himself off to sleep. It recalls the Talleyrand story of the "souffrances de l'enfer" and "Quoi, déjà?"

Labouchere warmed his hands at many different fires of life. He was fond of travel, dabbled at the diplomatic career a few years, until his superiors could no longer put up with his freakish impudence; was for a time in Mexico, thought he admired the United States—if he had lived here, Heaven knows what he would have said about us—was theatrical manager, journalist, Radical member of Parliament, and free lance in all. His escapades were as numerous as his witticisms. Both were doubtless fathered upon him, after the fashion of giving such things to him that hath. He himself had an embroidering memory; some of his early adventures, as he loved to recount them in smoking-rooms or write them out in *Truth*, lost nothing in the frequent retelling. Many of them are set forth in these pages, and make amusing reading. They have been quoted endlessly —especially his retorts and verbal quips, which we are asked to believe were never stair-case wit. But, indeed, the evidence is ample that Labouchere was extraordinarily ready, as he was amazingly adroit. And his manner is said to have been perfect. His whimsicalities were uttered with quiet deliberation, and his most terrifying audacities were accompanied by an air of bland simplicity. This no doubt helped to give him his reputation in the House of Commons, where his set speeches were less attended to than his guerrilla interventions in debate. In the latter he was unexcelled for airy banter, for witty characterization, and for deft puncturing of pomposity.

The points at which Labouchere touched public life are clearly indicated by the author. As part proprietor of the *Daily News*, Labouchere found himself in Paris in 1870, sent away the regular French correspondent, himself stayed through the siege and got out his letters by balloon. His work as observer and reporter was capital and brought him deserved fame. The other journalistic repute—if such it was—which he won was as owner and editor of *Truth*. Its present editor, Mr. Bennett, furnishes a chapter detailing Labouchere's *insouciant* connection with that picturesque toy—for such the publication long was to him. That a thing which he took up for amusement came to bring him in a good deal of money which he did not need, only added to the piquancy of the experience. His best labor he long gave to politics, until successive disappointments made him somewhat out of humor with public life. Party interest reached its highest in him about 1886, when he was doing his best to persuade Chamberlain to support Irish Home Rule and thereafter make himself Radical Prime Minister. The letters which passed between the two at that crisis are of more historical interest than anything else in the volume. We see here that Chamberlain was nearer than had been supposed to agreeing to a modified Irish bill. But at the last moment he shied off, and Labouchere never forgave him. Nor did he ever expect again to live to see a Radical party triumphant.

This was his greatest political disillusion. Next to it came Gladstone's refusal to invite him into the Cabinet in 1880, and Rosebery's to send him as Minister to Washington. The reasons are not very clearly given. Probably the deepest one was that Labouchere was not really taken by the English as a serious man. This is not to say that he was not sincere. Yet for a man born rich, a cosmopolitan, a professed wit, to announce himself a Radical of the deepest jet, was a little too much for the ordinary Englishman. He could not help suspecting a pose. He joined in the chuckles provoked by the man, yet, after all, could not get over thinking of him as "Our Labby." So it was that the highest ambitions were necessarily frustrated. Yet Labouchere was not embittered. He kept a brave and smiling front to the world. Nor was his final retirement to Florence a retreat. Buying Michael Angelo's villa, he turned it inside out with refittings, observing that "old Michael knew nothing about the comforts of a modern establishment, and it was time that he should learn them." There he passed his last years, surviving, in a way, his own reputation, but kept warm to the end by enduring friendships.

Our Eternity. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

The good fortune of Maeterlinck in his translators continues undiminished: an English Maeterlinck, if such existed, would propose few emendations in the limpid, fluid, and undulant prose of Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos's version of "La Mort," now republished in a revised and much enlarged edition; for the grisly title, "Death," the grandiose "Our Eternity" (Dodd, Mead) has been substituted.

Maeterlinck opens his argument by distinguishing the moment of death, the *articulus mortis*, from its formidable concomitants and environs, sickness, physical corruption, and retributive torment—discriminations logically sound, but put forth with a little more complacence than belongs properly to the mere act of "rectifying the frontiers" of a definition. In a chapter partly derived from a former essay, "L'Immortalité," he proceeds to demonstrate the unlikelihood of the permanent survival of the ego; the eternization of that trickle of memory in which he finds the frail and insubstantial nucleus of the ego impresses him as unreasonable. The logic in this section is subtle and astute, though, in deprecation of the emphasis on memory, a critic might suggest that what we demand in a future life is not so much continuity as proprietorship, the warmth and intimacy celebrated by William James, and that the difficulty in dissociating the two is a mere accident of our temporal existence.

The new chapters, iv-viii, deal with theosophy, psychical research, and reincarnation. Maeterlinck's expertness in dialectic is really remarkable in a master of intuition, and his perfect craftsmanship is shown in the ease with which he adapts the spare and meagre syllogism—so prone, from Euclid to Macaulay, to the use of detached, staccato forms—to the sweep of his own flexible and vibrant periods. His wariness in the matter of so-called manifestations is truly admirable, and will surprise only those who have failed to consider that the mystical imagination, which is his prime faculty, is adverse to that appetite for signs and tokens which drives the unimaginative to séances suggestive of the recognition scenes at the winding-up of a Plautine or Terentian comedy. There is an amenity in Maeterlinck's incredulity that is almost without precedent; the burly, aggressive skepticism of Huxley and the feline Gibbonesque skepticism were both familiar to us, but the genuinely humane, the winning, caressing skepticism that emanates from Saint Wandrille is almost a literary novelty. The author notes that spirits are loquacious as to the old life, but reticent as to the new, and doubts if experiment has educed any facts inexplicable by the aid of telepathy, clairvoyance, and suggestion.

There follow two curious chapters on The Two Aspects of Infinity and Our Fate in these Infinities, in which the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old distinction between being and becoming, the resting and the flowing universe, is expounded with an eloquence which, in its common leaning towards the sidereal and the metaphysical infinite, recalls the speculations of Plotinus. In these roamings of the adventurous imagination on the high seas of thought, Maeterlinck shows the enterprise, the zest, the controlled exultation, of the true explorer, and his inability to find a port (a failure which evokes in him an austere joy) provides new occasions for the exhibitions of his seamanship. It is hardly to be wondered at if, in these careerings through infinity, his particular theme seems almost to undergo that submergence which he foresees for the human personality.

In the final chapter, Conclusions, after hesitating between the two theories of a consciousness modified beyond recognition, even self-recognition, and absorption in the cosmic consciousness, Maeterlinck inclines very tentatively to the latter. In the one point in which he manifests a premature and indiscreet certainty, his temperament has got the better of his logic. He insists that in this new existence we cannot be unhappy, since we should be parts of infinity, and a self-torturing infinite is inconceivable. The fortitude that enables the universe to put up with the toothaches and heartaches in the section of infinity known as earth is left without explanation.

The book as a whole will consolidate, if it does not raise, the reputation of its author. The presumptions of fragility and tenuity in the thought which a hasty reasoner might deduce from the aerial and exquisite style are not verified by a scrutiny of the logic. Without technical completeness or basic originality, the work merits the praise of impartial temper, an alert critical spirit, acute and circumspect reasoning, duly circumscribed and wisely tentative conclusions.

Early Memories. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

"The world of Boston, when I opened my eyes upon it," writes Senator Lodge in the course of what he hints is the first instalment of an autobiography, "was a very small and simple world as I look back at it now in the glare and noise of the twentieth century. There was an abundance of gayety, but expenditures were small. Everybody knew everybody else and all about everybody else's family. Most people were related, for in the small colonial communities of the eighteenth century the established families had intermarried in a manner most bewildering even to the trained genealogist. Yet the extreme familiarity and ease of intercourse which I now observe among young men and young women entirely unrelated did not then exist. However intimate people might be, a certain formality of address was thought to be demanded by good manners." This selection is characteristic of the volume, in which comment and airing of views accompany, sometimes clog, the narrative. Three pages are required to express Senator Lodge's abhorrence of the excessive magnanimity of some Northerners, who in their zeal virtually confess the justice of the position of the South in the Civil War. The expansion in the size and power of fortunes also is a text for a long discussion; and the hurry of our time, with its consequences for the art of letter-writing and form in general, distresses the Senator greatly.

It is all the more interesting, therefore, to come upon a note which an Englishman, Henry Greville, made in his diary in 1858, when the future United States Senator was eight years old. Wrote Greville: "An amusing letter from Fanny Kemble, dated Nahant, U. S. (a favorite sea-bathing place near Boston), received to-day, says: 'How you would open your eyes and stop your ears if you were here! This enormous house is filled with American women, one prettier than the other, who look like fairies, dress like duchesses or *femmes entretenues*, behave like housemaids, and scream like peacocks.'" This is sufficient evidence of Senator Lodge's judicial attitude towards the era of his childhood, and, indeed, he expressly denies being a *laudator temporis acti*. Yet a reader of a book of reminiscences may be forgiven for wishing a maximum of memories and a minimum of moralizing.

Of memories, there are, nevertheless, a goodly supply, and of a character for which one must be grateful. Although the story stops with its narrator's entrance into public life, its continuance so far is enough to include a list of famous names like those of Rufus Choate, Evarts, Sumner, Phillips, Gov. Andrew, Motley, Parkman, Bancroft, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson. Not all of the best anecdotes are about the immortals. It was Dr. Bigelow, for instance, who was suggested by Lodge's father as the final court of appeal, when Lodge and some of his youthful friends, having announced their intention of going in swimming immediately after a heavy luncheon, found that their notions of the proper time for violent exercise ran counter to those of their elders. The boys went to the doctor, and put their question. He looked at them with a quizzical smile, and said: "I should not do it myself, but nothing hurts boys. Yes, you may go in." Sure enough, no evil results followed. One of the epigrams of Francis E. Parker, the lawyer, is worth quoting. Of a friend whom he in reality loved, he remarked: "If he had lived in the Middle Ages, he would have gone to the stake for a principle under a misapprehension as to the facts." Upon the occasion of a dinner for Porfirio Diaz, a Mexican Senator asked Lodge what he thought of the guest of honor. Lodge answered that he looked rather stern, as if he would not hesitate to shoot an enemy before breakfast. "Shoot an enemy!" exclaimed the Mexican. "I have known him to shoot three hundred enemies before breakfast."

There is a certain timeliness in one of the anecdotes about Evarts. On going to the polling-place in New York one election-day, he was told by the election clerk that Mr. Evarts had already voted. "Has he, indeed?" said the lawyer, pleasantly, as if there were no such thing as fraud in an election. "I hope he voted right." Sumner was not a wit, but there was keenness in a remark he made to Gambetta, after the two men had been discussing the situation in France. "Ah, M. Sumner," said the French leader, "il nous faut un Jefferson!" Sumner replied: "Trouvez un Washington, M. Gambetta, et un Jefferson arrivera." And, finally, there is the happy description made by Lowell, upon a Commencement Day, of one of the early benefactors of Harvard: "There is William Pennoyer, of whom we know nothing except that he comes down to us in the most graceful of attitudes with his hand in his pocket."

Nothing is of greater interest in a life story than the turning-points. As it happens, Senator Lodge can put his finger upon the influences that determined him to become a public man and writer. He grew up without much thought of what he should be and do. It was not necessary that he should earn his bread; and no particular spirit of ambition had been aroused in him when, a few weeks after his graduation from Harvard, he set out for Europe with his bride. That winter, in Rome, he found a classmate, named Simpson. This man also was wealthy, but was possessed of a longing to give his life to literature and public service. Association with him fired Lodge with the same determination. A few weeks after they had parted, Lodge heard of his death, whereupon he wrote of his new idea to Henry Adams, whose course in mediæval history in Lodge's senior year had been his first stimulus "to anything resembling active thought." Adams replied encouragingly, and a year later, when he became editor of the *North American Review*, made Lodge his assistant. While engaged in this work, Lodge went through the Harvard Law School. He was then appointed a lecturer at Harvard in American history, which position he held for three years, resigning it in 1879. The next year he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Rep-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resentatives, and began his political career.

Familiar Spanish Travels. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Those who have read "My Literary Passions" will recall Mr. Howells's youthful enthusiasm for "Don Quixote," "Lazarillo de Tormes," and other masterpieces of Spanish fiction. In later years he found kindred spirits in writers like Palacio Valdés and Pérez Galdós, whose realism, like his own, is relieved by abundant humor and an optimistic outlook upon life. It is surprising, therefore, that Mr. Howells waited until his seventy-fourth year before visiting a land in which he had long dwelt in imagination, and which meant so much to his friends, Longfellow, Lowell, and Hay. Readers of the present volume will rejoice that in his case Spain did not prove to be the unattainable Carcassonne.

His tour was the conventional one embracing Burgos, Valladolid, Madrid, the Escorial, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Ronda, and Algeciras. He never strayed from the beaten track. All told he lingered only six weeks in Spain. We have, therefore, that comparative novelty: a book of Spanish travels, the author of which does not pose as an authority or a romantic adventurer. And yet Mr. Howells had his adventures, of the same comfortable sort so often experienced by his own fictitious personages. Not even one who travels first-class by the Sud-Express and frequents, when possible, the double-starred hotels, can quite escape them in a land where, like the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, "we may plunge our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures." And when in Spain adventures fail, there are always misadventures for the traveller to fall back upon. Happily, Mr. Howells experienced none of the latter more serious than his cold reception in Burgos, where he sat shivering beside a steamless radiator, and his failure to draw upon his letter of credit after a wait of several hours in a Valladolid bank. We cannot help thinking that if he had put up at a humbler hotel he might have basked before a comforting brazier. One always pays dearly for luxury in Spain. And was he, we may ask, playing the part of a Roman in Rome when he expected a Spanish banker to honor a letter of credit on the very day when it was presented?

Mr. Howells's experiences make excellent copy. He is plainly most interested in human types and the trivial incidents of travel. The reader must not expect him to go into ecstasies over the Alhambra. He wisely refrains from attempting to out-Irving Irving. Instead, he disarms criticism by confining his narrative to his own personal experiences. Mr. Howells's powers of close observation have not diminished with years. Every travelling-companion, cabman, servant, and blind beggar whom he met was made the subject of sympathetic study. In describing these types his genial humor and kindly philosophy find free play. On the whole, Spain has left upon him a pleasant impression. He experienced no more disillusion than was to have been expected. The title is well chosen. Writer and reader meet on familiar terms, and on ending the book one feels that one has himself made a pleasant tour in delightful company. Drawings by Norman Irving Black and Walter Hale add attractiveness.

Great Debates in American History. From the Debates in the British Parliament on the Colonial Stamp Act (1764-1765) to the Debates in Congress at the Close of the Taft Administration (1912-1913). Edited by Marion Mills Miller. 14 vols. New York: The Current Literature Publishing Co.

This collection is a very different sort of thing from a set of "The World's Best Orations." In those, the speeches are isolated, and are read as much for their literary as their political values. The present undertaking is rather to be compared with Benton's "Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856." The speeches are grouped by subject; sometimes they are quoted in full, sometimes in part, sometimes merely summarized, and the historical circumstances of their delivery are given, together with some account of the development of the legislation which they influenced. The word "debates" is interpreted in these volumes in a broad sense, as they include a digest of the *Federalist*, the Dred Scott decision, partly verbatim, partly in summary, and Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

Each volume has an introduction in the form of a paper on some matter of public interest, although not all of these were written for this series. From an address of Senator Lodge, for instance, is drawn "The Constitution and Its Makers"; from one by Charles Francis Adams, "The Doctrine of Equality and the Race Problem"; and from one by President Van Hise, "Control of Trusts by Commission." Among the others who contribute introductions are Woodrow Wilson, Walter H. Page, Henry Watterson, Ida M. Tarbell, President Hadley, and Senator Burton. Each volume is illustrated with a photogravure of a public man or public event, such as Patrick Henry delivering the "liberty or death" speech, or Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation, and also with reproductions of cartoons. In the preface is a selected bibliography of collections of American speeches. There are two indexes, one of persons and one of subjects.

A work of this kind, done at all well, cannot but be exceedingly useful. As evidence of his industry, the editor lets us know that he leafed every page in the records of Congressional debate, and that these contain two billion words. Better proof, not only of his industry, but of his judgment, is to be found in the text of the volumes resulting from this truly terrifying survey of verbosity. To take an example, the Webster-Hayne debate is introduced with a summary of its parliamentary history, while for a further discussion of the subject of public lands, out of which the debate arose, the reader is referred to debates on the homestead laws in a subsequent volume. After a brief description, in the language of contemporaries, of the scene when Webster arose to make his reply, we have the preliminary debate on "Consolidation," the debate proper on "Disunion by Nullification," with a cross-reference to a digest of Madison's "Report on the Virginia Resolutions," cited by Hayne, the latter's almost forgotten rebuttal speech to Webster's great effort, and, finally, Benton's caustic commentary of a few days later upon the position of the Massachusetts Senator.

The subjects treated range from the Stamp Act and the supremacy of Parliament as discussed in both England and America through State rights and the tariff, including Canadian reciprocity, to child labor, pure food, woman suffrage, and the regulation of railway rates. All of these are arranged for the investigator with conscientious intelligence. The volumes put at the disposal of the student a mass of material, much of which has hitherto been buried so deep as to repel every one but the most persistent.

Notes

Macmillans will have ready shortly "The Philippines," by Dean C. Worcester.

Count Ilya Tolstoy has arranged for the publication on both sides of the Atlantic of an English translation of his recollections of his late father.

The Rev. J. P. Mahaffy has been appointed vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin. Professor Dowden's place in the same college has been filled by Mr. William Fitz John Trench, formerly professor of English literature in Queen's College, Galway.

Henry Holt & Company announce that they are about to publish the January issue of a new quarterly, to be called the *Unpopular Review*. In the mind of the editor "there is great need for the dissemination of some disagreeable truths." The prospectus states that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most of the fallacies now popular depend upon vague notions that the republic can prosper with one law for the rich and another for the poor; that something can be had for nothing; that it is unnecessary to better the man in order permanently to better his estate; that the march of progress should be tuned to the pace of the slowest; that policies can rise higher than their source, and that wisdom can be attained by the counting of noses.

Though fault-finding will be a necessary part of its policy, the *Review* "will dwell upon remedies more gladly than defects, and . . . will be optimistic—spontaneously, though cautiously, optimistic." The titles of the articles in the first issue will be: "The New Irrepressible Conflict," "The Majority Juggernaut," "The Democrat Reflects," "The New Morality," "Professor Bergson and Psychical Research," "Two Neglected Virtues," "The Unfermented Cabinet," "A Needed Unpopular Reform," "Our Tobacco: Its Cost," "Our Alcohol: Its Use," "The Microbophobiac," "The Standing Incentives to War," "The Machinery for Peace," "En Casserole—Short Pieces on Tobacco and Alcohol, Answering Big Questions, Decency and the Stage, What's the Matter with Our Colleges? Proportionate News, Simplified Spelling."

Mr. M. A. de Wolfe Howe calls our attention to an error in a footnote in Norton's "Letters" (corrected in a later printing of the book) which was copied in the essay on Norton in the *Nation* of last week. "Instead of saying that John Adams and John Quincy Adams were both descended from John Quincy, the note should have ascribed this descent to John Quincy Adams only. John Quincy was his mother's ancestor, not his father's."

The Boston Public Library has issued a second revised edition of its "List of Books for Boys and Girls." It includes authors, titles, and subjects in a single alphabetical arrangement, the subjects being intended to meet requirements of the schools and to cover the range of children's interest. There are about 4,500 entries in the list, the alertness of which is indicated by the fact that there are references to fourteen Boy Scout books.

We have received from the Clarendon Press the twentieth edition of the "Oxford University Handbook," which is the students' handbook revised to September, 1913.

"The Complete Poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar" have been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., in a single volume, with W. D. Howells's introduction to "Lyrics of Lowly Life."

The poetical works of Oscar Wilde have been added to Crowell's Astor edition of the poets, with a biographical introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole.

The Oxford University Press announces the publication of "English Church Architecture," by Francis Bond, author of "Gothic Architecture in England." The work is of an introductory character, such as is required by the general reader with no previous knowledge of the subject. It is fully equipped with glossaries and indexes, and contains 1,400 reproductions of photographs, sketches, measured drawings, plans, and sections. It is in two volumes, demy quarto.

It is not perfectly clear from the preface to the Highways and Byways volume, "In the Border," just what portion, if any, of the actual writing was done by Andrew Lang and how much was left to his brother John Lang. Apparently both brothers had been gathering material together, but the composition is entirely the work of the survivor. This, however, is a matter of curiosity only. As it stands, the book is worthy of the unvaryingly excellent series which Macmillans have had the good fortune to carry through. Whether this account of the Borderland is as interesting to a particular reader as the other volumes have been, will depend on the attraction for him of the dour deeds of the Douglases and Percys and their like, compared with the more civilized literary traditions that prevail in the Southern counties. But there is humor, too, in Mr. Lang's pages, besides the romance of ruthless feuds. As an example of this we may cite the story of the exciseman from the Highlands who used to sit under the nose of the Rev. Mr. Ramsay of Kelso, and scribble notes during the sermon with a keel-o-vine (pencil). Pausing in his discourse one day, and looking straight at the offender, the preacher cried: "My brethren, I tell ye, except ye be born again, it is as impossible for you to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as it is for a Hielander no to be a thief! Man wi' the keel-o-vine, do ye hear *that?*" As might be expected, the book has much to say of trout fishing, but generally in a tone of lamentation for factory-polluted streams and glories that have departed.

It may seem desirable on many accounts to include a life of Jane Austen in the English Men of Letters series (Macmillan), but it is unfortunate that the author of this volume, Mr. Francis Warre Cornish, should have been so recently preceded by the excellent and official biography from the hands of Mr. William Austen Leigh and Mr. Richard A. Austen Leigh (noticed in the *Nation*, October 2, 1913). There was really nothing left for Mr. Cornish to say in the way of biography, and he has, possibly for that reason, devoted most of his chapters to a running comment on the novels. Here his criticism of the characters is shrewd and has the pleasant flavor of talk about people with whom one is intimately acquainted, but one cannot take much interest in the analysis of the plots. In attempting to reproduce the atmosphere of the country life which surrounded Jane Austen, it may be objected that Mr. Cornish rather overdraws. "The depth of Steventon leisure [a vile phrase] is indicated," he exclaims, "by the fact that Mr. Austen used to read Cowper aloud to his family in the morning." Such leisure seems to Mr. Cornish, looking from the superiority of a generation accustomed "to enhance life by locomotion," to be mere "vacuity."

"London: An Intimate Picture" (McBride), is an attractive title, but the author, Mr. H. J. Forman, unhappily fails to live up to its promise. As one reads, the dull conviction grows that this sort of thing has been done before, and done better. The author confesses himself an ardent lover of London, and we are glad to take him at his word; but not all ardent lovers have the gift to

> frame love ditties passing rare
> And sing them to a lady fair,

and we can only regret that Mr. Forman's achievement should fall short of the excellence of his intentions. To be intimate, one must be sympathetic, and sympathy is the quality that appears to be especially lacking in Mr. Forman's descriptions. He faithfully tells us who lived in such and such a house, and frequently adds some historical data concerning the place or the personage; but this is not intimacy. Even when he comes to such a house of tragedy as Lady Hamilton's he will hardly pause in his businesslike progress down Piccadilly. Despite the presence of a chapter devoted to the Atmosphere of London and tributes to London's rains and fogs, "atmosphere" is exactly that which this book conspicuously lacks. That indefinable quality is only to be subtly conveyed and may not be consciously created. So far as the author's descriptions of London go, they are conscientious and accurate, but intimate they certainly are not. "I fear this is becoming a catalogue," he says, apologizing for his account of St. Paul's Cathedral. A similar apology might be made for other chapters.

Intimate knowledge of the matters considered is evident on every page of "The Carolina Mountains," by Margaret W. Morley (Houghton Mifflin). The varying atmospheric effects in the "Land of the Sky" and the "Sapphire Country," the customs and speech of the natives, the roads and the rivers, birds and flowers, Asheville and the moonshiners, are presented to the reader with a quiet enthusiasm that keeps the account of them from becoming either a catalogue or a mere exercise in rhetoric. In addition, glimpses are given of vanished or vanishing modes of life. So wide is the range of things comprehended within the writer's scheme that we are told of so exotic a development as Biltmore, with, however, much more attention to the effect of the estate upon the economic life of those in reach of its influence than we get from the ordinary travel book. The volume is a little larger than is necessary, as some history and reflections are included that one finds oneself skipping. Mention should be made of the two dozen illustrations, almost all of which are from photographs by the author.

Oliver Huckel's "Through England with Tennyson" (Crowell) suggests by its title a not too serious or profound series of sketches. Indeed, these visits to literary shrines were executed with admirable facility and dispatch, with the apparent object of "doing" the Tennyson country in one short summer. Naturally some places, such as Dozmare (in this book called "Dozemary") Pool among the hills and bogs of Cornwall, were not visited at all. But such omissions can hardly perturb an author who cherishes no ambition of making an original contribution to knowledge. The quotations and accounts that fill the volume are largely taken from a single source, Hallam Tennyson's "Memoir." The reference is seldom more explicit than "I also remembered having read somewhere," or "Some one has said." Sometimes it is more definite but misleading. In describing Tennyson's honeymoon at Coniston Lake he writes: "In this diary he [Tennyson] says of her [his wife]: 'I have known many women who were excellent, one in one way, another

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in another way, but this woman is the noblest woman I have ever known.'" Now Hallam Tennyson, from whose account the saying is taken without acknowledgment, quotes it from a MS. of Aubrey de Vere as a remark of the poet to his friend while puffing a pipe in intimate converse.

This holiday irresponsibility characterizes also Mr. Huckel's discussion of Tennyson's poetry. The influence of surroundings on his poetry is of course too exacting a subject of investigation to be entered upon. The material of his poems must be dealt with in a romantic and nebulous manner. Of the ruins at Tintagel Mr. Huckel innocently remarks: "Some investigators contend that they cannot be quite so ancient as King Arthur's day." Our author is an adept on subjects where mistakes are difficult. We read with wonder that Tennyson "was engaged on the 'Idylls of the King' for thirty years of his life." He then proceeds to enumerate "The Lady of Shalott" and "Morte d'Arthur," which certainly date from 1832 and 1833 respectively. He concludes: "In 1885 he completed the 'Idylls' by publishing 'Balin and Balan,' 'Geraint and Enid,' and 'The Marriage of Geraint,' which was really the first idyll of 'Enid' divided in two and completed." The facts are that "Balin and Balan" was published in 1885, but "Enid" had been divided in two parts, numbered i and ii, in 1884 under the title "Geraint and Enid." The titles for the separate parts were not introduced till 1888. To achieve these inaccuracies requires no special ingenuity, but to make thirty years stretch from 1832 to 1885 is not an ordinary feat. Erroneous statements and misleading conceptions about the most popular poet of the nineteenth century might be viewed with a more tolerant eye if the narrative bore any special charm of personal experience or wholesome enthusiasm for the great poet.

"The Russian Ballet," by A. E. Johnson (Houghton Mifflin), is a sumptuous holiday volume intended as a souvenir of the much-admired performances of the Russian dancers. There are numerous illustrations, many of them full page and colored, by René Bull. A brief history of the ballet introduces the volume, which includes the plots of seventeen of the most popular dances brought forward by Anna Pavlowa and the other Russians. With some recent additions to their répertoire the author is displeased, because of a tendency to "abandon discipline and to run riot, achieving nothing and arriving nowhere."

From San Francisco (Paul Elder & Company) comes an exceptionally handsome volume, "The Old Missions of California," intended to be "a book as fine as the printer's art can make it." The missions are described in the order of their founding, and the author, Paul Elder, has culled facts from the writings of the fathers themselves and from a score of volumes relating to them, including the exhaustive work, in several volumes, of Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, now in process of publication. Among the illustrations are more than fifty duo-tone reproductions of photographs taken by Western artists.

In all parts of Africa the influences of civilization are such that the primitive life, customs, and beliefs of the natives are fast disappearing. The record of these matters, especially with reference to the negro, is found in Donald Fraser's "Winning a Primitive People" (Dutton). A member of the Livingstonia Mission, he came in 1896 to West Nyasa, which was then almost unchanged by contact with the Western world. On the high plateau to the west of the lake Nyasa lived two typical races, the Ngoni and the Tumbuka. The one was a conglomerate of robust warrior tribes who had invaded the region from the south, the other was a weak and effeminate race whom they found there and had made their slaves. The sole occupation of the one was raiding, of the other to find shelter in the impenetrable forest. From his own experiences among them, Mr. Fraser is able to give a vivid picture of early conditions. In his pages we see communities passing from indolence, ignorance, superstition, and lawlessness into thrift, intelligence, and well-ordered life. Where twenty-five years ago no native had seen a book, or could count accurately beyond ten, there are now "250 schools and 15,000 scholars. There are 500 natives engaged in the work of teaching, and thousands of others who can read. They have schoolbooks, and pamphlets, religious books, and above all, the Bible in the Ngoni and the New Testament in the Tumbuka language." All this has been accomplished by the missionaries, aided since 1904 by the paternal oversight of the British Government. The book contains 27 reproductions of photographs and two maps.

Marshall Monroe Kirkman's "History of Alexander the Great" (Chicago: Cropley Phillips Co.) is a large volume sumptuously bound and adorned with illustrations that are purely imaginary but enlivening. Fully a third of his narrative is mere panegyric, and the shade of Alexander, who sighed for a Homer, ought now to be appeased. Not that we share the author's belief that Alexander nowadays is popularly regarded as a "monster of blood and wine: a man of degraded personality whose unbridged (*sic*) passions and gross appetites overcame in him all sense of reason and justice"; or that his reputation for intemperance "has destroyed the interest the multitude would otherwise feel in his personality." Even in our abstemious age we have not come to that. It is true that Niebuhr and Grote, with their eyes fixed on the glory that was Greece, and the achievements of the Athenian democracy, devoted much space to proving that Alexander was a filibustering barbarian who crushed the liberties of Greece. But who reads Niebuhr? And not even to Grote does the general reader turn for his conception, vague as it is, of the surpassing personality of Alexander. The Alexander the Great of the popular imagination, however there enshrined, may be trusted to keep down the Alexander of critical historians who insist on permanence as a test of genuine achievement. Even President Wheeler's scholarly book in the Heroes of the Nations series, with its severely archæological illustrations, so different from Mr. Kirkman's elephants and scenery, makes the best of such incidents as the murder of Cleitus. But he does not go so far as Mr. Kirkman, who declares that it was "an executive act," coldly calculated and to be approved by prudent men. Mr. Kirkman will hardly admit that Alexander died too young, lest anything should seem imperfect in that "superhuman" and "godlike" career. In spite of these absurdities, Alexander's story is here well told, and while the average boy could not be induced to read President Wheeler's book with its careful analysis of all the conditions in Greece and the East, he will read Mr. Kirkman's rapid pages, and sympathize with his hero-worship.

We greatly fear that Prof. Henry C. Emery's "Politician, Party, and People" (Yale University Press) will be misunderstood by a good many of those who may happen to read it. The book, originally the Page lectures at the Sheffield Scientific School in 1912, attempts, apparently, an ethical survey of various aspects of political duties and activities. Doubtless, it is legitimate, especially in the discussion of current problems, to raise questions rather than to answer them; but the way in which the thing is done, and the implications which the author's statement of the case involves, are matters of some importance. Shall a member of Congress prefer the interests of his district or State to those of the country? Shall the voter stay with his party when he does not agree with the party principles? Is the opinion of a leader more to be relied upon than the opinion of the people? The substance of Professor Emery's answer to these and many other similar queries is that these are serious and perplexing questions; that they often involve questions of conscience, that in dealing with them you have sometimes to act in one way and sometimes in another, and that, on the whole the balance of safety is on the side of party regularity. Perhaps, however, Professor Emery does not mean quite this; in which case we can only wish that he had stated his political philosophy with more precision. Incidentally, the text, which preserves the familiar form of the lecture, ought to have been revised. There are numerous inelegancies, and on pages 42 and 58 are sentences that will not parse.

"Beyond the Old Frontier," by George Bird Grinnell, is a new addition to Scribner's Adventure and Exploration series, appealing particularly to the boy reader. Mr. Grinnell has not made the mistake of writing down with malice aforethought to an arbitrarily assumed level of boyhood intelligence. The adult who has carried along enough of youth to relish stirring tales of adventure with Indians, buffalo, and other incidents of frontier life will find this a very readable volume, and after all there could be no better test of its fitness for boys. The book is made up largely of material from works now out of print, sometimes quoted directly and sometimes given merely in substance. Alexander Ross, the Scotchman who was one of the early acquisitions of John Jacob Astor in his far Western fur-trading operations and wrote a book on "The Fur Hunters of the Far West"; George Frederick Ruxton, "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains"; Lewis H. Garrard, "Wah-To-Yah and the Taos Trail," and John Palisser, an Irishman who visited the American frontier in the late forties as a hunter and sightseer, are the authors upon whom Mr. Grinnell has chiefly drawn.

"Unruly Daughters: A Romance of the House of Orleans" (Putnam) is not a ro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mance in the ordinary sense of the term, but an account of the doings of the six daughters of the Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France. The author, H. Noel Williams, has now to his credit a long list of books dealing with the Court of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He is familiar with the memoirs and with the best recent French literature on the subject. He is accurate enough, and fair-minded enough, and knows his people well enough, and has written, in the present case, in a clear and sprightly, if somewhat mechanical, style, a book which will doubtless prove entertaining to people who are interested in what Edmond de Goncourt called the "indiscretions of history." Mr. Williams himself seems inclined to write about people with tarnished reputations, such as Pompadour, Du Barry, and the irresistible Duc de Richelieu. People of that sort, however, may be important as well as notorious; and some of Mr. Williams's books were well worth the doing. The main objection to the present undertaking is that the Regent's daughters scarcely merit so much attention; and of the six, those who receive most attention from the author deserve it least—the unspeakable Duchesse de Berry and Mlle. de Valois. Still, familiarity with the Court of the Regent has this advantage: it makes the Court of Louis XV appear almost decent, and that of Louis XVI actually puritanical!

"Before old age should make my hand falter, and the scenes and the faces of the past become indistinct in my memory, I desired to fix an image that is always with me," says M. Augustin Filon, the aged and devoted author of an excellent biography of Napoleon III's unfortunate son, "The Prince Imperial, 1856-1879" (Little, Brown). In 1867, when the shadows were still distant on the horizon, M. Filon was called from the Lycée at Grenoble to become tutor to the Prince Imperial. In July, 1870, the fourteen-year-old Prince started for the front with the Emperor, received his "baptism of fire," and in a boyish letter to his tutor described the French success at Sarrebrück. But this success was swiftly followed by the crushing Prussian blows and the mouse-trap at Sedan. M. Filon, who had remained at Paris with the Empress, telegraphed to the aides in charge of the Prince to make for Belgium, though not in the punning brevity which Republican enemies have merrily alleged: "Filons sur Belge.—Filon." From Belgium the Prince crossed to England and joined his parents at Chislehurst. He was allowed to enter with English boys at Woolwich Academy, where he diligently studied the military engineers' course, and then passed on with the regular English officers to Aldershot. In 1879, after forty-eight hours of mental struggle, he made up his mind to ask to be permitted to join the English force which was to operate against the Zulus. His mother and the leaders of the Bonapartist party did their best to dissuade him, but he replied in words (slightly condensed) which sound like an echo of his great-uncle:

> All hopes are centred in my person; if that becomes great, the strength of the Imperial party becomes ten-fold. No one will be followed but a man of known energy, and my care has been to find a way of making myself known. Writing letters of condolence, harboring politicians, patting journalists on the back, hob-nobbing with them, and working with them to stir up social problems—that is what the headstrong call "making myself conspicuous." Others want me to travel through Europe with a great retinue. I have turned a deaf ear. When one belongs to a race of soldiers, it is only with the sword in hand that one gains recognition, and he who wants to learn by travel must go far. The disaster at Isandhlwana gives me the opportunity I want.

The sequel is known. The Prince went with a party of half a dozen horsemen to look for a camping place near the Zulus. While the party was off its guard, preparing supper, it was suddenly attacked by Zulus, who had crawled up stealthily in the long grass. Most of the party managed to mount their horses and escape; but the Prince could not swing himself into the saddle of his frightened beast. He tried to defend himself with his revolver, but could not hold out against the overwhelming force of black spearmen. The spot where he fell, to which his mother made a pilgrimage the next year, is now marked by a simple cairn. M. Filon's devoted story of this boy's life is very human, with its good photographs of the Prince's playmates, rooms, handwriting, and father and mother. It is also an authoritative biography, for in addition to his own intimate personal knowledge, the author was allowed by the Empress the unrestricted use of all her son's correspondence.

In "Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament" (Oxford University Press) we have for the first time a substantially complete collection, in English translation, of the non-canonical Jewish writings of the period extending from 200 B. C. to 100 A. D. The work is in two handsomely printed volumes, the first giving the Apocrypha, the second the Pseudepigrapha; the general editor is R. H. Charles, of Oxford, well known as a scholarly student of this branch of Jewish literature. The first volume contains all the books commonly regarded as apocryphal (those, namely, given in the Septuagint and the Latin Vulgate, but not in the Hebrew Bible) except Second Esdras (Fourth Ezra), which, as claiming a false authorship, is put in the second volume; on the other hand, Third Maccabees, contrary to the usual custom, is inserted here. In the second volume are given Jubilees, the Letter of Aristeas, the Books of Adam and Eve, the Martyrdom of Isaiah, First Enoch, the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Sibylline Oracles, the Assumption of Moses, Second Enoch (the Secrets of Enoch), Second Baruch (the Syriac Apocalypse), Third Baruch (Greek Apocalypse), Fourth Ezra, and the Psalms of Solomon; and, further, four books (Fourth Maccabees, Pirke Aboth, the Story of Ahikar, and Fragments of a Zadokite Work), which, though not pseudepigrapha, are added as reflecting certain ideas of the time. In regard to this arrangement in the two volumes, it may be observed that the Wisdom of Solomon and the Epistle of Jeremy appear under false names, and it is not clear why they stand in the first volume, while Fourth Ezra is removed to the second. The few Apocryphal books omitted are of little or no importance for the religious history of the time.

It is not possible to take note here of the numerous and difficult critical and exegetical questions that arise in connection with the books included in the collection. It must suffice to say that the material is brought up to the date of publication (L. W. Batten's excellent volume on Ezra and Nehemiah, in the "International Critical Commentary," in which First Esdras is discussed, appeared after the Oxford work was issued). A general introduction to each volume is furnished by Dr. Charles, and each book is edited, with introduction and notes, by a specialist. The various views held by scholars are stated and examined, and extensive bibliographies are given. Thus the student of the non-canonical literature may gain a knowledge of the questions to be solved, even the most recent, and of the material available for their solution. He will find here also a view of the whole field, and will be able to compare book with book and critic with critic more conveniently than if he had to go to separate volumes devoted to the various books. The work will, doubtless, further the study of the Jewish thought of the period in question, a period remarkable for its religious and intellectual activity and important for the illustration of the New Testament.

MORE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

A little book which will appeal to a child's sense of humor as well as to his ideas of the "fitness of things" is Gelett Burgess's "The Goop Directory" (Stokes), wherein all people, from Marmaduke Argyll, who would insist on talking while eating, even to Rosie L. V. Trood, famed for playing with her food, are stamped both in pictures and verses for their coarse habits. As the author declares:

> In this Directory you'll see
> Just what you never ought to be.

The illustrations are in accordance with the Goop curvatures, made famous in other volumes.

Three once-upon-a-time stories by Eva March Tappan have been gathered together in a volume bearing the title "The House with the Silver Door" (Houghton). Silvery Girl and Silver Boy figure as characters in the first narrative. There are occasional drawings by Emily Hall Chamberlain.

A brightly covered volume is "The Rose Fairy Book" (Doran), edited by Mrs. Herbert Strang. Some of Perrault's tales have been retranslated, while Cinderella, Ali Baba, and Aladdin have been rewritten—shades of our honored classics! Even Red Riding Hood is grabbed from the jaws of death! The text is handsomely printed, and the pictures are plentiful.

A story by Annie Fellows Johnston, called "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" (Century), is a mild narrative which seeks to reform young Will'm's idea of stepmothers. At times the story borders on the sentimental, but it is a book well suited to youngsters five and six years of age.

Some years ago Dr. Headland gave us a "Chinese Mother Goose"; this year we meet with Mary Fenollosa's "Blossoms from a Japanese Garden" (Stokes), a unique bouquet of child-verses. The illustrations in color are by Japanese artists, delicately

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinted and quaint in their interpretative spirit.

Juvenile dramatics are now a formidable part of every boy's and every girl's education. Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry has considered the subject in a handy brochure which she calls "Educational Dramatics" (Moffat, Yard). The manual is intended for teachers, club leaders, and amateur players. Stella G. S. Perry's "When Mother Lets Us Act" (Moffat, Yard) offers practical suggestions for actual performances. If you would know how to make costumes and scenery, how to play statues, tableaux, pantomimes, and charades, this small book will give adequate explanation. "Plays for the Home" (Houghton Mifflin) consists of dramatizations, by Augusta Stevenson, of some of Æsop's Fables and the fairy tales of Grimm and Andersen—which reminds us that "Snow White," the children's play given so charmingly at Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre, has been issued in book form by Dodd, Mead. There is a great field open to those who write small plays for children; such dialogues have to be kept as simple as possible.

Martha Foote Crow has told the life of "Harriet Beecher Stowe" for the distinctive biographies which Appletons issue yearly for young readers. The author, who first saw Mrs. Stowe, an old lady, seated in chapel at Wellesley College, has handled her material reverently.

It is to be deplored that Miss Porter's "The Scottish Chiefs" and Miss Aguilar's "The Days of Bruce" are not more generally read. Old-fashioned in a sentimental way, yet they contain the action of a wonderfully exciting time in history. It may be that R. L. Mackie's "Story of Robert the Bruce," which has been imported by the Crowells, will serve to revive an interest in these two books. These publishers are to be commended for the biographical series of which this record of Bruce is one.

We can well imagine the delight with which the expectant youngster will receive Chelsea Curtis Fraser's "Every Boy's Book of Handicraft, Sports, and Amusements" (Dana Estes), wherein every conceivable activity of youth is prescribed for: woodworking and electricity, printing and collecting, camping and gardening, to mention only a few. There are seven hundred pages of fun here.

"The Handy Boy" (Lothrop, Lee) is Miss Neely Hall's contribution, actuated by the motto that to "do something" means to "be something." If the boy has no proper tools, this author suggests a practical way of earning the money to spend for them.

"Harper's Beginning Electricity," by Don. Cameron Shafer, is another simplified manual of instruction. After a boy has sufficiently weighed its contents, there is no reason why he should not be able to untangle the most complicated electrical knot, and place electrical surprises all over his house—if he is permitted.

To many the best of all fairy books is "The Fairy Book," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." We are glad to see that Macmillans have brought out this collection in a handsome edition. It appears in a cloth gilt cover, on which is embossed the legend of the little men who stole down and disappeared when the cock had crowed for the third time. The illustrations in color, by Walter Goble, are as pretty and dainty things of the kind as we have ever seen.

Brief accounts of the birds and animals which children are wont to coddle are furnished by Florence E. Dugdale in "The Book of Pets" (Doran). The creatures' habits and haunts are fully explained, with no great charm of style, together with the sort of care which they should receive. E. J. Detmold's drawings in color are not always true to perspective.

Science

The world's cotton crop and manufacture is the subject of the leading article, by Prof. A. Woeikof, of St. Petersburg, in the *Annales de Géographie* for November. He believes the great cotton fields in the future will be in the Russian empire, the eastern Sudan, and the middle Niger region. The results of four years' study of the tsetse fly problem in the French colonies in western Africa is given by M. E. Roubaud, chief of the laboratory of the Pasteur Institute. In his opinion the fly will fundamentally change the conditions of life in tropical Africa and be a serious obstacle to the civilization of the natives. There is also a detailed account of the ninth inter-university geographical excursion by its leader, besides an urgent recommendation to make Rabat the capital of that part of Morocco under French protection.

The latest of the numerous atlases which are appearing these days has been prepared by Mr. Fawcett Allen, assistant map-curator to the Royal Geographical Society, entitled "An Atlas of Commercial Geography" (Cambridge University Press; Putnam). For work below that of collegiate grade, the volume is one of more than ordinary excellence; it is intended to serve primarily as a companion volume to the same publishers' "Elementary Commercial Geography." Nevertheless, this atlas presents the fundamental principles of economic geography in such compact and workable form that it is adapted to still wider use. Though smaller in bulk and scope, Mr. Allen's work bears a resemblance to the excellent older "Handels-Atlas zur Verkehrs- und Wirtschaftsgeographie" of Scobel, and in one particular is superior, in that it contains a voluminous index. The maps are arranged in two main divisions, of which the first contains such general maps as are necessary to lay the foundation for teaching the principles of economic geography. Here are portrayed the main features of topography, ocean depths, the distribution of rainfall, ocean currents, drainage basins, and other similar factors in man's physical environment. These are followed by a series of maps illustrating the distribution of man himself, the situation of the principal languages of commerce, and the regions of supply of the world's leading raw products. The second main division of the book contains a number of plates of each of the continents, arranged in a consistent series, and exhibiting their subject-matter in sufficient detail to serve a variety of purposes, including regional study. The coloring of the maps is good, and in general each one is well calculated to impress the main points had in mind. In some cases, however, an attempt has been made to show too many separate things on a single map. The volume contains a well-written introduction by D. A. Jones, who is the assistant librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. It is in the form of short paragraphs on the separate maps in the first main division of the book, and serves to indicate a logical method of study, by joining together facts and observations in a natural sequence.

Dr. John Green, an oculist of international fame, and since 1886 professor of ophthalmology in St. Louis Medical College, Washington University, died Sunday at his home in St. Louis. He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1835, and graduated from Harvard in 1855, later studying medicine in Cambridge and in Europe. He was an assistant surgeon in the Civil War.

Drama

Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage. By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. London: The De La More Press (Alexander Moring). 5 shillings net.

The title of this book does not give a very exact idea of its contents. It is a history of the three Burbages—James, Richard, and Cuthbert—and of their business ventures as managers of companies and theatres (The Theatre, Globe, and Blackfriars), from the first appearance of James Burbage as a member of the Earl of Leicester's company of actors in the early years of Elizabeth's reign until the death of Cuthbert (who was himself never an actor) in 1636. Mrs. Stopes's work accordingly is not limited to the period of Shakespeare's activity. Moreover, her narrative of the years during which the great dramatist was composing plays for the Burbages' company is not written with any special reference to their connection with one another. Indeed, in the body of her work the author rarely mentions the plays that this company produced.

The materials which we possess for the lives of the Burbages consist almost wholly of official orders and legal documents pertaining to the numerous lawsuits in which they were involved as theatre-managers. Such records, of course, throw little or no light on the personal traits of the men concerned or on what distinguished them in their art—the things that really matter. Mrs. Stopes has made some additions to the materials of this kind that were already available, but none, it seems to us, of any particular importance. Under such circumstances writers are tempted to draw far-fetched inferences in order to give some color to the dim images on which they are working. We cannot but account it as an instance of yielding to this temptation when Mrs. Stopes observes in regard to the acceptance of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James Burbage by the Earl of Leicester as one of his players: "His acceptance argues not only James Burbage's honesty and prudence, but his handsome appearance, charming manners, tact, and ready wit." On the other hand, there is a genuine personal interest in the letter from the Earl of Pembroke to Viscount Doncaster which she has been so fortunate as to unearth in the British Museum. It relates to the death of Richard Burbage in 1619, and, among other things, makes it clear that relations of genuine friendship could exist between an actor and a great nobleman of the time. The letter, as printed by Mrs. Stopes, runs as follows:

My Lord,—

I could not let my cousin Berkley go without this small testimony of my unceremonious respect unto your Lordship.

. . . This day the French Ambassador took leave. . . . we shall put off our blacks [*i. e.*, mourning on account of the death of James I's consort] and be laught at for it by all Christendom at Midsummer. . . . Now you have all that I know that past since your departure but that my Lord of Lenox made a great supper to the French Embassador this night here and even now all the company are at the play, which I being tender-harted, could not endure to see so soone after the loss of my old acquaintance Burbage. . . . Your Lordship's most affectionate friend and servaunt. Pembroke.

Whitehall
20th May.

Among other new details presented in this book we may note that Mrs. Stopes fixes 1583 as the year when Richard Burbage began his career on the stage. She also gives good reasons for dating at the end of 1575 or beginning of 1576 the order of the corporation of London wholly prohibiting all plays within the city and consequently for again connecting the founding of The Theatre with the decree of expulsion. Since E. K. Chambers's discussion of the matter some years ago it has been customary to assign a later date to this order. The little in the book that relates directly to Shakespeare is conjecture pure and simple—for example, the suggestion that the poet first came to London in order to press the law-suit of his family about the Asbies property and the theory that "Midsummer Night's Dream" was written for the marriage of Sir Thomas Heneage to the mother of Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton. We do not see, either, why Mrs. Stopes should have reproduced so obvious a forgery as the elegy on Richard Burbage which Collier pretended to have discovered in some unknown manuscript.

At the end of her volume the author has assembled the documents on which her account of the Burbages is based. They occupy almost as many pages as the account itself. Those which sprang from the Burbages' law-suit with their ground landlord, Giles Alleyn, are interminable. The liberties which Mrs. Stopes has taken with the original spelling of these various documents seem to us uncalled for. A more serious ground for complaint is that hardly ever throughout the work does she indicate whether a document has appeared in print before. Most of these records have, of course, already been published by at least one of the earlier writers on the stage, such as Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, Hazlitt, and others. References to these works would have been helpful even to professional students. Among the notes especially valuable is the list of the court performances of the Burbages' company from 1560 on, for a period of eighty years.

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce a volume containing three plays by Arthur Schnitzler in an English translation by Horace B. Samuel. The plays are entitled "The Green Cockatoo," "The Mate," and "Paracelsus."

Among forthcoming books announced by Brentano's are the following: Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," "Misalliance," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," the three pieces in one volume, and a volume of "Three More Plays by Brieux," containing "La Robe Rouge," "La Foi," and "La Femme Seule."

Martha Hedman, who lately appeared with John Mason in "Indian Summer" and "The Attack," is going to London to support Sir George Alexander in the latter play.

During the last three weeks of their tenancy of the St. James's Theatre, in London, Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy are illustrating the advantages of the repertory system by changing their programme every night.

The Birmingham Repertory Theatre has just produced a translation by Christopher Sanderman of the German dramatist Max Halbe's play, "Der Strom," rechristened "The River." The original was done some eight years ago in London by a German company, with Frau Rosa Bertens in the part of Renate, which Miss Darragh sustains in the present version.

Lewis Waller has been appearing in "Henry V" in Australia, with great success. It is a performance deserving of more appreciation, critical and popular, than it found in this city.

"The Woodlanders" has just been played in the Dorchester Corn Exchange by the Dramatic Society of that town. A special correspondent of a London newspaper writes:

"The Woodlanders," like all the preceding plays (with the single exception of "The Three Wayfarers," which was prepared for the stage by Mr. Thomas Hardy himself), was adapted from the novel by Mr. A. H. Evans. It differs from all its predecessors in that the element of rustic humor is much less conspicuous, and as the story advances it resolves itself unmistakably into tragedy, and ends on a sombre tragic note—the death of Giles Winterborne in the rain-sodden autumn woods, and the lament of the two women who loved him—Grace Melbury and Marty South—over his dead body and his undeserved fate.

"L'Occident," a new play by the Belgian dramatist, Henry Kistemaeckers, has just been produced at the Renaissance in Paris. The scenes are laid in and about the navy yard at Toulon, where a fair Arabian girl is the favorite of the captain of the Dreadnought Fraternité. Presently, she learns from a wandering tribesman that her whole tribe, including her father, her three brothers, and her younger sister, Fatma, had been killed during a bombardment near Mogador by a French warship. That warship was the Fraternité, and the captain, her lover, was its commander. Then she vows dire vengeance. The unsuspecting captain is the protector of a young lieutenant, who suddenly wishes to resign his commission and desert his duty because he is a slave to opium, a pacifist, and a collectivist; and warfare in his estimation is the greatest of crimes. The girl of the desert finds in him her opportunity for revenge. She uses all her charms to lure him to desert his duty at the very time that his ship is ordered away to face the enemy. But the captain of the Fraternité discovers the flight in time, catches up with the fugitive, and makes him listen to the voice of reason in a poignant scene at the end of the third act. Patriotism and the call of duty are stronger than love; and the child of the slaughtered Arabs returns to the desert.

Music

RICHARD STRAUSS'S "ROSENKAVALIER."

The first and most important operatic novelty of the season had its première at the Metropolitan on Tuesday evening. Richard Strauss did not, as had been hoped, come to New York to superintend the production of his comic opera, "The Rose-Bearer," probably because resentment at the suppression of his "Salome" after a single performance still rankles in his bosom; but he kindly allowed it—doubtless for a very substantial consideration—to be staged here, after having vowed he would never again have anything to do with the Metropolitan. His presence would have added to the éclat of the occasion, but could hardly have improved the performance, which, under Alfred Hertz, and with a cast including Frieda Hempel, Frl. Ober, Anna Case, Goritz, Weil, Jörn, and Reiss, was remarkably good. For this first performance the prices for seats had been nearly doubled, yet there was a large audience, and there was much applause.

When the German newspapers, a few years ago, first began to give the world driblets of information regarding the "Rosenkavalier" much was made of the fact that it was to be entirely different from Strauss's other operas. "In place of bloodthirst, perversity, and general unhealthiness," readers were informed, there would be "melody, merriment, and simplicity"; indeed, it was hinted that Strauss, whose usual aim seemed to be to break all records in the matter of complexity of scoring, had gone back to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mozart for his model. Naturally, all this served to arouse general curiosity, and when the opera had its first performance, on January 26, 1911, in Dresden, the audience included so many musical celebrities that, as some one remarked, "if a bomb had been exploded in the Royal Opera, the course of the history of music would have been changed."

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who prepared the libretto for "Elektra," also wrote that of the "Rosenkavalier." This name refers to a custom in vogue in Austria two centuries ago, in compliance with which a suitor for a lady's hand sent a cavalier to bring her a silver rose. The suitor in this case is Baron Ochs von Lerchanau, an extremely coarse and vulgar personage, who, having come to the end of his pecuniary resources, has decided condescendingly to marry Sophia, the beautiful daughter of Von Faninal, a newly ennobled wealthy army contractor. In the first scene Ochs visits his cousin, the Princess Werdenberg, to ask her aid in finding a suitable rose-bearer. The Princess, whose husband is one of Maria Theresa's field marshals, carries on, while he is absent in Croatia, an intrigue with a youth named Octavian, who happens to be making love to the Princess when the Baron arrives, but hides behind a screen, whence he presently emerges in the attire of a lady's maid. The Baron at once sees a chance for an intrigue, and invites the supposed maid to a supper. Left alone, the Princess decides to select Octavian as the rose-bearer, though she foresees he will fall in love with Sophia. In the second act this actually happens. The Baron, who is present, becomes jealous and provokes the rose-bearer to a duel, in which he (the Baron) is wounded slightly. Before he leaves, a note is put in his hand from the "lady's maid," who promises to meet him at supper; and in the final act this meeting takes place. Arrangements have been made for playing all sorts of practical jokes on the Baron. Things reach such a pass that the police interfere. The Baron is completely routed, and Octavian wins Sophia's hand.

The librettist calls his poem a "comedy for music," but it is really a farce, of the broadest sort. In the original, the text of the first act is extremely coarse, and before the Imperial family allowed the opera to be performed in Berlin a sofa had to be substituted for the bed. The version used here is expurgated, and Otto Goritz, on whose shoulders the action chiefly rests, knows how to be funny without being offensive. He is the only one in the cast who sings everything intelligibly; but even he cannot greatly interest an American audience in a dialogue the fun of which lies largely in the use of the quaint Viennese dialect. Hofmannsthal has not given much more of real humor in this "comedy" than he has in his "Der Thor und der Tod" or his other plays. From the composer's point of view, his libretto is less successful than the one he provided for Strauss's "Elektra," being too crowded with details that cannot be effectively set to music. In trying to illustrate all these details musically, Strauss displayed great ingenuity but spoiled the opera, besides making it extremely difficult for the singers.

Because of these complexities one cannot find the vaunted Mozartean quality in this score. That Strauss, however, tried to be truly tuneful for once is certain; there are waltzes and other episodes that are really melodious; but, unfortunately, the melody is for the most part commonplace. Almost any musician could sit at the piano and improvise waltzes and tunes as good as these, by the hour. As in most of the other works of this composer, it is the orchestral coloring, chiefly, that enchants; but the average opera-goer is not content with that; he wants broad melodies and passionate accents, and these are not to be found in "Der Rosenkavalier," even in the love-scenes. These, in fact, are the dullest parts of the opera. There are beauty spots in each of the acts, but almost the only episodes one longs to hear again are the presenting of the rose to Sophia, where the music, with the aid of harps and celesta, becomes quasi-fragrant, and the trio at the end of the last act—a trio which the Straussites place on a level with the quintet in Wagner's "Meistersinger." It certainly is beautiful, and it shows a regard for the proper idiom of the human voice which the "Rose-Bearer" as a whole does not.

Among musical and allied publications of the season, not all of which can be reviewed in these columns before the holidays, are "Memoirs of an American Prima Donna" (Clara Louise Kellogg), published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; "Symphonies and Their Meaning" (third series), by Philip Goepp (Lippincott); Loie Fuller's "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life" (Small, Maynard & Co.); Thompson's "Life of Ethelbert Nevin" (Boston Music Co.); "Advice to Violin Students," by Wallace Ritchie (Scribner); Hamilton's "Outlines of Music History," revised edition (Oliver Ditson Co.); Spaeth's "Milton's Knowledge of Music" (Princeton University Library); Filson Young's "Opera Stories" (Henry Holt & Co.); Evans's translation of Wagner's "Opera and Drama" (Scribner); an excellent guide to Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel," by Lewis M. Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlston (Dodd, Mead & Co.); Vincent D'Indy's "Beethoven," translated by Theodore Baker (Boston Music Co.); a translation, by Edwin Evans, of Berlioz's admirable analyses of Beethoven's nine symphonies (Scribner); Oliver Huckel's translation of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.); "The Growth of Music," by H. C. Colles (Oxford University Press); Landon Ronald's "Masterpieces of Tchaikovsky" (F. A. Stokes Co.); C. W. Grimm's "Harmony Study" (W. H. Willis Co.); Joseffy's extremely valuable "First Studies for the Piano" (G. Schirmer); Kobbé's "Opera Singers," profusely illustrated (Oliver Ditson Co.); "Swedish Song Games," by Kastman and Köhler (Ginn & Co.); "Old Fogy" (Theodore Pressor Co.); and Ethel Shubert's "Stories of the Operas" (Penn Publishing Co.).

It is characteristic of Saint-Saëns that at what he declared to be his final appearance as pianist and organist he played in Paris the other day pieces by Liszt and Mozart, two of his idols. He intends to spend the winter in Algiers and Egypt, enjoying nature and composing pieces for organ and piano; also, perhaps, a choral work.

Art

WILLIAM BLAKE AT THE TATE GALLERY.

LONDON, November 25.

The director of the Tate Gallery continues to make up for the general mediocrity of the British collection under his charge by giving special Loan Exhibitions, which are of genuine importance to artists. He has already, in the short time since the Gallery has been under his care, arranged shows of the Pre-Raphaelites, Whistler, the English Alfred Stevens, Legros; now, he has got together a fine and representative series of paintings, drawings, and prints by William Blake, which will remain on the walls until the end of December.

It can hardly be said that of late years Blake has suffered from neglect or indifference. Indeed, it is even a question whether he suffered so much in his lifetime as his recent biographers and eulogists have a way of making out—whether, in fact, his grievances, as in the case of Millet, have not been greatly overrated. Pleasure in art is not to be measured by the palatial studios the artist is able to build for himself or by the social honors lavished upon him. Blake, no less than Millet, was free to lead the life that best suited him and to do the work he wished most to do, and no man can be called unhappy, or is to be pitied, who enjoys the privilege of living and working as he chooses. True, he did pass through moments of bitter poverty, but, on the whole, he prospered as well as most engravers of his day—and he was primarily an engraver; what is more, after his first years, he was seldom reduced to mere hack work or potboiling. It may be said that this could not have been except for the help of one or two men, like his friends, Butt and Linnell, who bought his work and commissioned it. But most artists would starve if they looked to the general public for practical recognition. After his death, Blake was neglected and forgotten by all save the most forlorn saving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remnant. The period was one when work such as his was bound to be neglected—the period when the majority of artists in England believed with Wilkie that to know the taste of the public is the most valuable knowledge for the artist, and, accordingly, did their best to play down to it. But the indifference came to an end with the publication of Gilchrist's Life of Blake, half a century ago, and since then, and after Swinburne had promptly opened the floodgates of his rhetoric upon Blake, almost too much has been said and written about him; he has been set on almost too high a pinnacle for all the world to see, numerous exhibitions of his work have been held, and he has been the easy prey of the English critic who, engrossed in the literary or mystical meaning of his designs, can comfortably ignore that there is in them also a question of art.

This is the difficulty with the posthumous popularity thrust upon Blake: Blake the artist has been sacrificed to Blake the mystic. He may have seen visions, and it may have been the visions he desired above all to paint or draw or engrave. But how many artists could tell you that they, too, see visions, different as their inspiration may be from his—that they, too, with their fancy, imagination, mind's eye, or whatever it may be called, see before them their painting, or drawing, or print, complete before ever they put the first touch on canvas, or paper, or metal. That Blake's visions were not in the least the same as those of most artists, that his preoccupation with them was greater, cannot affect the quality of his art one way or the other. To him might have been revealed still more extraordinary things, his preoccupation with them might have been still more intense, and had he not had the technical ability to express himself, the revelations would not be worth the canvas or paper or metal on which he recorded them.

A comprehensive exhibition like the present one at the Tate is therefore useful from time to time as a reminder that Blake was not merely a visionary, but an artist with a great deal of tecnical ability—of amazing technical ability, when it comes to his prints. There are here numerous examples of his illustrations, culminating in the series for the Book of Job; in some cases several states shown side by side, the original reduced drawings done for Linnell included—a series that proves beyond a doubt what a master he was of design, how splendid was his power of composition. No matter what the subject, his beautiful interpretation of the text, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy," in which the rhythmical lines and curves sing of themselves, would be one of the most memorable prints in the world. There are numerous examples of the paintings which he called frescoes, and for which the catalogue uses the term tempera, and they prove as indisputably what a master he was of color. The most famous are shown: The Canterbury Pilgrims, The Spiritual Form of Pitt Guiding Behemoth, The Spiritual Form of Nelson Guiding Leviathan, Adam Naming the Beasts, all crammed full of meaning and symbol and allegory, and too familiar to be described anew. With them are smaller less well-known subjects, The Temptation of Eve, Bathsheba at the Bath, Our Lady and Child, The Procession from Calvary, and many besides, all together giving something of the same emotion that is felt before the Venetian masterpieces. Not that I would rank Blake with the great Venetians—he was not one of the giants—but he had a fine sense of harmony that in any other country, or at any other period, might almost have made him their rival as a colorist. There are also examples of his color prints, his printed drawings, for which he invented or perfected his own method, one requiring a precision that probably no other engraver of his day could have attained. To have invented or perfected a method adapted to one's own needs, to practice it, to excel in it—there is a pleasure that pays the artist more substantial coin than mere dollars and cents.

Space has been found for the work of some of Blake's contemporaries, friends, and followers—Fuseli, Stothard, Flaxman, Linnell, Palmer, Calvert, George Richmond, almost all of whom were considerably influenced by him, and who seem at times to have endeavored conscientiously not only to see visions, but to see his special kind of visions. Only a few examples of each of these men have been selected for the purpose, and, when thus shown with the Blakes, it must be confessed they leave the impression that they were ambitious artists, but that their achievements did not keep pace with their intentions. Here and there is a little masterpiece, like Stothard's Tam O'Shanter, that has a splendor and loveliness of color worthy of Blake. But as a rule this smaller series is overshadowed by the larger, though it is of sufficient interest to suggest that this group of artists, seldom seen and half-forgotten, might provide the director of the Tate with his next Loan Exhibition.

A full and eleborate catalogue has been prepared by Mr. Archibald G. B. Russell, that should have its value for collectors. But a serious drawback to the pleasure and comfort of the student is the failure of the numbers of the works on the walls to follow in consecutive order the numbers of the books in the catalogue. This is a mistake so seldom made in English exhibitions that it is all the more seriously felt.

N. N.

The Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Edited and amplified by Homer Saint-Gaudens. New York: The Century Co. Two volumes. Illustrated. $7 net.

In his later invalid years Saint-Gaudens dictated his autobiography. It is of a vivacity and inaccuracy worthy of his Gascon-Irish origins, and his son and biographer has had an uncommonly difficult task in building a two-volume memoir of such materials. But by cutting the autobiography into chapters, adding explanatory and corrective interchapters, and interweaving letters, the feat has been accomplished with considerable success. One gets, if hardly a satisfactory account of a notable artistic career, at least the sense of a brilliant and lovable personality.

Saint-Gaudens was a foreordained artist. Trained in the hard school of stone cameo cutting, he supported himself by that trade through early years of poverty in Europe. Like almost all his American predecessors, he found the way to Rome, and his marble Hiawatha done in 1871, his twenty-third year, is remarkably like the neo-classic work of Harriet Hosmer and Crawford. What turned him from this outworn mode to the delicate and strenuous modelling of the Early Renaissance masters, one would like to know. Here this book is disappointing. Saint-Gaudens made it a point of coquetry not to write shop, and we may merely guess how he came to follow the road of Fremiet and Mercié. In any case, he became the chief exemplar in America of that refined craftsmanship in which the Early Florentines excelled, and in such disciples as Macmonnies, Adams, McNeil, and Fraser made it almost the distinctive American note in sculpture. His most personal qualities are shown in the remarkable portraits in low relief of which the Stevenson is best known. After fifteen years of hardships cheerfully endured, he did the Farragut, 1881, and his position as the leading American sculptor was assured. It seems to us on the whole his best work of a monumental sort, having a simplicity, directness, and virility that were often refined away in the great works of his later time. There never was a more scrupulous craftsman. The inscription for the Stevenson portrait in St. Giles's, Edinburgh, was fully modelled twelve times. There are no less than twenty-seven position sketches for the Peter Cooper.

The scorn of the commonplace or overemphatic is the characteristic note of the artist. A somewhat scornful comment on Rodin's Balzac is one of the few artistic opinions recorded of Saint-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gaudens. It looked too much "like a guttering candle." In his complete lucidity Saint-Gaudens was true to his Gallic heredity. The breadth of pathos which informs the splendid Shaw Memorial and the repressed prophetic fire of the Sherman he may well have drawn from his admirable Irish mother.

On several occasions Saint-Gaudens complains humorously that Stanford White is trying to make a man-about-town of him, and, curiously enough, this memoir gives some sense of a self-protecting brilliancy and geniality, as if he kept the artist exclusively for the fevered solitude of the studio. No great artist who has written about himself has left so few opinions on matters artistic. It is as if Saint-Gaudens insisted on being judged solely by his work. Apparently it was enough for him to draw about himself the choicest spirits of his time, and by them to be judged simply as the delightful companion. This programme of privacy, which may well have enriched his life, has naturally somewhat impoverished his memoirs.

As to the value of his work, aside from the mysterious figure of the Rock Creek Cemetery and the Farragut, it seems to lie in exquisite craftsmanship and charm. He is crisp and full of rather subtle implication; monumental breadth he rarely tried for or achieved. In that reaction towards fine craftsmanship which followed the first naïve strivings of American art, he played an important, perhaps the most important, part. This religious devotion to technical perfection implies a degree of self-consciousness which the very greatest masters either never have or live down. Yet precisely this gospel of strenuous craftsmanship was what American art very much needed at the moment. Occasionally, as in the Shaw memorial and the two Lincolns, and earlier in the Farragut, Saint-Gaudens attained simplicity and gravity. Generally, his work reveals a captivating preciosity discreetly minimized and evident only to a very sensitive observer. Indeed, his career has interesting analogies with that of his older contemporary, Whistler, barring, of course, Whistler's waspishness. In both men are found the same fastidious taste, the same astute eclecticism, a similar positive charm, and kindred flashes of higher seriousness. In spite of the excellent studies of Messrs. Cortissoz, Cox, and Hind, the artistic personality of Saint-Gaudens remains to be elucidated. Naturally, this memoir, being a personal memorial, makes no such attempt. It is interesting throughout, and will doubtless be satisfactory to those unplagued by the critic's curiosity as to the way of the genius *qua* artist.

At the annual meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund, recently held in the rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House, London, it was announced that arrangements have been made to complete this winter the excavation of the Osireion of Abydos. Results of the greatest importance for Egyptian archæology and for the history of Egyptian religion are expected from the enterprise. Prof. Edouard Naville, on whose advice the excavation was originally undertaken, will again take charge of the work.

An interesting archæological discovery has been made in Rome, near the Baths of Caracalla, by Professor Ferri. He found a large subterranean gallery, above half a mile long, as well as drains for carrying away the water from the Baths. In one of these drains he came across fragments of a marble group representing Mithras killing the sacred bull. The Baths of Caracalla were already known to have been connected with the worship of Mithras, and this discovery further bears out this theory.

In the excavations conducted on the Palatine by Prof. Giacomo Boni some important discoveries have again been made. Traces of two Imperial palaces, those of Caligula and of Nero, have been brought to light. A number of houses belonging to the Republican period have been found—two under the vestibule of the palace of Domitian, three under the Basilica, one under the Treasury, and one under the Triclinium. Further, there have been unearthed traces of the Imperial nympheum, as well as numerous constructions dating from the age of Domitian.

Marcel Dieulafoy's "Art in Spain and Portugal" (Scribner) is a rather curious apparition in the useful Ars Una series. Generally we find compilations of accepted results. A considerable part of this work is both original and somewhat controversial. M. Dieulafoy contends that all the significant features of early Spanish architecture may be explained as adaptation of Iranian modes of building imported by the Moors. He insists further that in architecture Spain, through Catalonia, contributed nearly as much to France as she received. We have no space to signalize the interesting anticipations of Gothic construction which M. Dieulafoy notes both in Spain and earlier in Persia. The rather lengthy presentation of such debatable matters, while most interesting for the special student, is a little hard on the layman for whom the series is intended. He, however, may skip contentious matters, and still find with profusion of small cuts plenty of highly condensed information. Unusual and deserved prominence is given to the minor arts. M. Dieulafoy emphasizes the unbroken tradition of polychrome sculpture in the peninsula, and generally stresses the national accent in those branches, like painting, in which foreign influence is most discernible. He writes from abundant knowledge and with unflagging enthusiasm. We fancy that few impartial critics will share his unqualified admiration for plateresque architectural ornament. Yet possibly no one who has his doubts about plateresque has any business to write on things Spanish. The publishers of this international series are to be congratulated once more on procuring a handbook which, without serious waiver of its informational function, has strong personal flavor.

The National Arts Club offers a prize of $1,000 for the best literary production embodying "A Critical Estimate of the Altman Collection," which shall be submitted by one of its members before March 1, 1914. The manuscripts will be submitted anonymously and the jury of award will be announced later.

"Painting in East and West" (Longmans), by Robert Douglas Norton, treats the whole contrast of Eastern and Western art in a very general way. Eastern art stops at suggestion and requires a definite effort of appreciation. Western art tends to imitation and requires only recognition. The defect of the Western theory of imitation Mr. Norton finds in a principle of limits. Once imitation is attained, nothing but repetition remains for later artists. For example, Chardin, Manet, and Cézanne may be said to have spoiled still life for their successors. The advantage of the Eastern theory of art as interpretation or suggestion of the rhythm of the universe is that such interpretation may be various. Moreover, such a programme implies the closest understanding between artist, philosopher, amateur, and critic. In comparison the Western artist is singularly isolated and unrepresentative. His art becomes a trick of mimicry "destined for untrained eyes; eyes slow to recognize aught but the obvious and the proximate." What Western art lacks is worthy aims and a real public. Mr. Norton sees the remedy in an education in beauty such as Plato shadowed forth in the "Republic." The race must be made anew æsthetically in the schools. Throughout the spirit of the book is winning, the style excellent, and the argument happily illustrated from both Eastern and Western literature. As to the rather lamentable lack of creative imagination in most modern art, we fully agree with the author. Yet it is fair to note that the condition is a universal one. Except in an inherited dexterity the living art of the East has to-day no advantage over that of the West. Spiritually they are alike deficient, and deficient for the same reason that there is no authoritative body of living thought. Moreover, the charm of the great examples of historic Eastern art is not necessarily to be interpreted as superiority. Chinese landscape is uniquely excellent, but in religious art we feel the great Buddhist painters had small advantage over a Simone Memmi or an Ambrogio Lorenzetti. Indeed, a comparison of the best with the best all along the line will bring a stronger sense of kinship than of difference. That modern Western art is suffering from raw individualism and general lack of ideas is patent. Such books as Mr. Norton's grave and thoughtful study help to make the situation clear. Familiarity with the well-balanced idealism of the Chinese painters and critics might well be the beginning of æsthetic wisdom for many a bewildered Western artist. Similarly a Far Eastern artist might find profit in studying the great examples of older European art. There is room for many such mediatory books at the present.

Among the disciples of Blake the most remarkable were Samuel Palmer and Ed-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward Calvert. To Calvert's scant work Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Me., devotes a beautifully printed folio in an edition limited to 400 copies. "Edward Calvert, Ten Spiritual Designs enlarged from Proofs of the Originals in Copper, Wood, and Stone," is the sufficient descriptive title. Mr. Mosher contributes a brief introductory note telling of the precious scrap-book from which the prints have been reproduced. He puts under requisition Mr. Herbert P. Horne's excellent essay from the *Hobby Horse*, and relevant passages from the Memoirs of Calvert by his son. Our chief quarrel with an attractive work is the fact that the tiny designs have been enlarged to double scale. They suffer under a treatment for which no motive is apparent, except that of making a more expensive book. The cuts are well known to the inner circle of art lovers, but deserve wider divulgation. Calvert had a charming idyllic imagination, and quite extraordinary decorative power. The blacks, whether in etching, wood block, or lithograph, have great depth and splendid disposition. He excels in this regard the numerous archaistic illustrators who have served the Kelmscott and the Vale Presses.

Sincere belief in one's own genius is in itself sufficient to carry conviction to a certain audience, and in Miss Elsie de Wolfe's "The House in Good Taste" (*Century*) we have evidence that the author has gained a considerable following among influential people who have come to believe her to be endowed with a special artistic gift. The reality of the gift is not so certain.

Franklin Simmons, the American sculptor, died suddenly in Rome, Italy, on Monday. He was born at Webster, Me., in 1839. He was educated at the public school in Webster and at Bates College. He began modelling in the coarse clay from the Androscoggin River banks in Maine, and his first attempt in sculpture was a statue called "The Sailor Boy." Since 1868 he had lived mostly in Rome. He produced about one hundred portrait busts in marble, fifteen public monuments, among them being a Grand Army of the Republic monument of Gen. Grant and an equestrian monument of Gen. Logan for the Iowa Circle, at Washington, and numerous ideal statues. He was decorated three times by the King of Italy.

Finance

NEW IMPRESSIONS.

When the Stock Exchange, during the past week or so, suddenly displayed renewed activity, with an advance of 3 to 5 points in prices, there were reasons why the movement attracted unusual attention. The advance began and continued in the face of a deficit in New York bank reserves, with money rates on the Stock Exchange up to 8 per cent., and with news of trade reaction and reduced employment of labor reported from many sections of the country. A rising stock market, therefore, seemed on its face to mean either that all the above-named unfavorable influences had been expected and were fully prepared for, or else that the watch-towers of finance had discerned on the horizon signs of a turn to better things.

This was more fairly to be inferred, because a rise in Stock Exchange prices is usually dependent on the facilities for credit which Wall Street at the moment appears conspicuously to lack. It is no new phenomenon, to be sure, for the market to advance in the face of depleted home reserves and high call money rates. But on most occasions of the sort, the achievement was made possible because our markets drew on London, which was bound to meet our needs for increased credits and for new gold reserves, both because of our merchandise export balance and because of our robust bid for money.

This year our country has the export balance—all things considered, it is exceptionally great—and our market has made the bid for money. But the London reservoir of gold and credit has been all but shut to us—not, by any means, as in such years as 1905 and 1909, because we had already exceeded our rightful line of borrowings, but because Lombard Street cannot spare the cash. Instead of Europe carrying Wall Street on its back, as happened on those earlier occasions, New York has this year most unmistakably been carrying hard-pressed Europe.

This being so, and credit resources for the use of the Stock Exchange being to so great an extent blockaded both at home and abroad, it was a natural comment that the stock market's advance, these past eight days, may have meant more than a rise in an ordinary season would have done. When markets make a showing of the kind, Wall Street must have some definite explanation, and this week it discovered one which contented it. At Washington, the financial interests long ago found themselves fallen on evil days. The legislator who desired to "draw" the public had only to denounce the Interests from the floor of Congress. The legislator who pleaded for cautious action on a "regulation bill" was at once suspected of accepting retainers from the Money Trust. Corporation officers, if they appeared in a House committee-room to advocate a pending measure, were apt to find that they had sealed its fate. Other organizations—even of what in bygone days was known as the frailer sex—may pound on the White House door and demand in threatening tones that the Chief Executive shall recommend their case in his official address to Congress; incorporated wealth would not venture even to ask that its own case might be left out.

Necessarily, under such circumstances, the financial community—ranging from the Small Investor to the Malefactor of Great Wealth—faced the opening proceedings at each successive session of Congress with a sinking heart, asking despondently what fresh discipline they were to undergo. The President who hammered the pulpit was accepted as the prosecutor; the President who laid down the law was accepted as the judge, and the corporation always felt itself to be in the prisoner's dock. At last the time arrived when the wretched and possibly repentant corporation looked for a President who should be the headsman; when, to its undisguised surprise, it had nothing handed to it, in the annual message of December 2, but an intimation that the Anti-Trust law should be clarified and "made fairer to all concerned"; that business men "should be relieved from all uncertainties," and that it is quite as important "that they should be set free to prosper as that private monopoly should be destroyed."

Such assurances may of themselves mean much or little; that depends on the plan to be proposed, and on the manner in which Congress will receive it. This very week, there have been rumblings at the Capitol from the statesmen who hold that all the world is wrong, and that it should be reformed overnight. But a somewhat striking tendency on their part to rumble by themselves, and without the enthusiastic echo which used to follow their most violent proposals, is not easy to ignore.

Nothing at all is heard, from the high authorities in politics, of hanging financial magnates as high as Haman because there has been reaction in the markets. Instead, the word appears to have been cautiously given out that a time of trade reaction is not a time to unsettle the business mind by new and startling moves in "regulation." When the protagonist of the Money Trust inquiry declares himself "in favor of a general amnesty" in the matter of past corporation offences, there should seem to be something in the atmosphere, at Washington and elsewhere, to suggest at least a temporary suspension of the national sport of corporation-baiting.

That is a matter of the future—which will as usual contain disappointments as well as reassurances. But the Wall Street which watches tendencies may have expressed its sentiments this past week, even in the stock market's more or less ineffective pull at the cords which bind it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baedeker's Spain and Portugal. 1913 edition. Scribner. $4.80.

Barnes, P. T. The Suburban Garden Guide. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

Bourgeois, Maurice. John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Brett, G. S. The Government of Man. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Broadley, A. M., and Melville, Lewis. The Beautiful Lady Craven. 2 vols. Lane, $7.50 net.

Budge, E. A. W. The Book of the Dead: The Papyrus of Ani. Putnam. $12.50 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Burton, M. L. Our Intellectual Attitude in an Age of Criticism. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Buttel-Reepen, H. v. Man and his Forerunners. Trans. by A. G. Thacher. Longmans. $1 net.
Campbell, M. G. A Textbook of Domestic Science for High Schools. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Cautley, R. W. Descriptions of Land. Macmillan. $1 net.
Chamberlain, A. B. Hans Holbein, the Younger. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. $16 net.
Chamber of Commerce, State of New York. Arbitration Records—1779-1792. Privately printed.
Channing, Edward. Student's History of the United States. Third revised edition. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C. Goldoni: A Biography. Duffield. $4 net.
Chatterbox, 1913. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.25.
Chesterton, G. K. Magic: A Fantastic Comedy. Putnam. $1 net.
Clarke, W. H. Standard Organ Building. Boston: Badger. $2 net.
Colonial Society of Massachusetts publications. Vol. IV, Transactions 1911-1913. Boston: The Society.
Delano, J. A. and McIsaac, I. American Red Cross Textbook. Phila.: Blakiston. $1 net.
Dudley, A. T. The Half-Miler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Duncan-Clark, S. J. The Progressive Movement. Boston: Small, Maynard. 50 cents net.
Eaton, W. P. The Man Who Found Christmas. McBride, Nast. 50 cents.
Eliot's The Mill on the Floss. Macmillan's Pocket Classics. Edited by Ida Ausherman. 25 cents.
Ellis, J. B. Lahoma. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Emerson's Journals. Vol. IX, 1856-1863. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Reader's Guide. Encyclopædia Brit. Co.
England's Parnassus. Compiled by Robert Allot, 1600. Edited from the Original Text by Charles Crawford. Oxford University Press.
Field, H. E. The Technique of Oil Paintings and Other Essays. Brooklyn, N. Y.: Ardsley House.
Freeman, A. M. Freedom. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Gaines, Ruth. Little Light (Lucita). Chicago: Rand, McNally. 75 cents net.
Gale, Norman. Solitude. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Gibson, Frank. Charles Conder, His Life and Works. Lane. $6 net.
Gordon, Ernest. The Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe. Revell. $1.50 net.
Graham, Harry. Splendid Failures. Longmans. $3 net.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illus. by Hope Dunlap. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.20 net.
Hargrave, J. E. Roadside Rhymes. Denver: Kendrick-Bellamy Co.
Hart, E. V. The Baby's Physical Culture Guide. Chicago: Rand, McNally.
Hauff, Wilhelm. Der Zwerg Nase. Introduction and Notes by O. R. Patzwald and C. W. Robson. Boston: Heath. 30 cents.
Hawley, Walter A. Oriental Rugs. Lane. $7.50 net.
Heath, R. S. A Textbook of Elementary Statics. Oxford University Press.
Herzog, Rudolph. The Story of Helga. English version by Adele Lewisohn. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Hoffman, A. S. The Book of The Sagas. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Holzwarth, C. H. Gruss aus Deutschland. Boston: Heath. 90 cents.
Hopkins, J. C. French Canada and the St. Lawrence. Phila.: Winston Co.
Jennings, J. G. Select Passages on Duty to the State and Kindred Subjects. Oxford University Press.
Jewett, Sophie. Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe. Putnam.
Johnston, R. M. Bull Run: Its Strategy and Tactics. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Kobbé, Gustav. Opera Singers: A Pictorial Souvenir. Boston: Ditson. $2.50.
Koebel, W. H. South America. Macmillan. $2 net.
Kunz, G. F. The Curious Lore of Precious Stones. (Advance copy.) Phila.: Lippincott.
Lea, Hermann. Thomas Hardy's Wessex. Macmillan.
Lee, Annabel. Little Stories by Big Men. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Lehmann, R. C. A Spark Divine. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Life's Beginnings. Compiled by F. J. N. and C. D. M. Third impression. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Lytton, Earl of. The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton. 2 vols. Macmillan. $7.50 net.
McClung, R. G. The Theory of Debit and Credit in Accounting. Boston: Morgan, Mills & Co. $1.
Mark, Thiselton. For Childhood and Youth. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 60 cents net.
Marshall, H. E. A History of Germany. Colored illustrations. Doran. $2.50 net.
Mason, E. H. The Great Plan. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Maud, C. and M. Shakespeare's Stories. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Mearns, E. A. Descriptions of Ten New African Birds. Washington: Smithsonian Inst.
Meynell, Alice. Childhood. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Meynell, Everard. The Life of Francis Thompson. Scribner.
Monkhouse, Allan. Mary Broome: A Comedy. Second edition. Boston: Luce.
Munhall, L. W. Breakers: Methodism Adrift. Charles C. Cook. $1 net.
Peabody, J. P. (Mrs. Marks). The Wolf of Gubbio: A Comedy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Piozzi and Pennington. The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington—1788-1821. Edited by O. G. Knapp. Lane. $4.50 net.
Pogány, Nandor. The Hungarian Fairy Book. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. Stokes.
Policy and Paint, or Some Incidents in the Lives of Dudley Carleton and Peter Paul Rubens. By the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." Longmans. $2.75 net.
Ragnau, Hugues de. The Vatican. D. Appleton. $4 net.
Rhys, Ernest. Romance. (Fellowship books.) Dutton. 37 cents net.
Richards, Frank. Compressed Air Practice. McGraw-Hill Book Co.
Rippey, S. C. The Goody-Naughty Book. Chicago: Rand, McNally. 50 cents net.
Runciman, J. F. Richard Wagner. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
St. Mars, F. On Nature's Trail. Colored illustrations. Doran. $2 net.
Salzmann, L. F. Mediæval Byways. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Sampson, Alden. Studies in Milton and an Essay on Poetry. Moffat, Yard. $2 net.
Schevill, Rudolph. Ovid and the Renascence in Spain. Berkeley: Univ. of California Press.
Scott, G. F. Jean Cabot in the British Isles. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Scott's Last Expedition: The Journals of Capt. R. F. Scott. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. $10 net.
Spears, R. S. The Cabin Boat Primer. Columbus, O.: A. R. Harding.
Strong, Rowland, and Jan, Pierre. Yoyo's Animal Friends. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Tucker, G. F. The Income Tax Law of 1913 Explained. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Vale, Charles. John Ward, M.D. Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Wallin, J. E. W. Psychological Aspects of the Problem of Atmospheric Smoke Pollution. University of Pittsburgh.
Webb, W. L. Biography and Unparalleled Discoveries of T. J. J. See. Lynn, Mass.: T. P. Nichols & Son Co. $2.50.
West, W. M. American History and Government. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $2.50.
Whitman, Walt. Poems from Leaves of Grass. Illustrated by Margaret Cook. Dutton. $6 net.
Wilson, J. F. Tad Sheldon's Fourth of July. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.
Winthrop, Theodore. The Canoe and the Saddle. New edition, illustrated. Tacoma, Wash.: John H. Williams. $5 net.
Wise, H. C., and Beidleman, H. F. Colonial Architecture for Those About to Build. Phila.: Lippincott. $5 net.
Ziwet, Alexander, and Hopkins, L. A. Analytic Geometry and Principles of Algebra. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

THE FLOWERY REPUBLIC
By FREDERICK McCORMICK
is the most authoritative work on the new China. $2.50 net. By mail $2.70.
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, New York

Autograph Letters of Celebrities Bought and Sold. Send for price lists. WalterR.Benjamin,225 5th Av.,N.Y. ESTABLISHED 1887. Pub."THE COLLECTOR," $1 a yr.

SAMPLE COPIES OF
THE NATION
will be sent to any address for several weeks
WITHOUT CHARGE
THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., N. Y. City.

THE LIFE OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN
By **Wilfrid Ward.** *Cheaper Edition.*
2 Volumes with Frontispieces.
$4.50 *net.* (Postage extra.)
"A great contribution both to religious and literary biography."—*Boston Transcript.*
LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.,

THE GREAT ART GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR
ART By Auguste Rodin
(Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden.) With over 100 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Buckram, $7.50 net; three-quarter levant, $15.00 net; carriage additional. A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. It covers practically the whole range of art, and abounds in memorable analyses of the works of the masters of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern. *Send for descriptive circular.*
Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

Now Ready
G. K. CHESTERTON'S
First Play
MAGIC
A Fantastic Comedy
This is Mr. Chesterton's first play, and is of course characterized by the brilliancy and originality always found in any work from his pen. It is now appearing at the Little Theatre in London.
With Portrait in Photogravure. Price $1 net
At All Booksellers
G. P. Putnam's Sons New York London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Messrs. Henry Holt and Company

PUBLISH THIS WEEK

The January Number

OF A NEW QUARTERLY

The Unpopular Review

☞ In response to immediate request a copy will be sent to any address, to be returned or paid for at the pleasure of the recipient. It may not be possible to meet delayed requests on these conditions.

☞ Subscriptions may be revoked at any time, and the money returned for the unexpired time, including the preceding number.

CONTENTS:

The New Irrepressible Conflict
The Majority Juggernaut
The Democrat Reflects
The New Morality
Professor Bergson and Psychical Research
Two Neglected Virtues
The Unfermented Cabinet
A Needed Unpopular Reform
Our Tobacco: Its Cost
Our Alcohol: Its Use
The Microbophobiac
The Standing Incentives to War
The Machinery for Peace

En Casserole:—Tobacco and Alcohol—Answering Big Questions—Decency and the Stage—What's the Matter with our Colleges?—Proportionate News—Simplified Spelling.

75c. per copy. $2.50 per year

Please address the Unpopular Review, 28 West 32d St., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED